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Prepared for The Freeman.

RETRIBUTION.

"Why don't I ever wear roses?
Won't I wear one in my hair?
Come when the daylight closes
And the gentle moon is fair,
And down by the whispering willows
While your eyes gaze into mine
You shall hear of the stormy billows
That have wrecked your life and mine."

"Ah! you've come? Well, I've been waiting
For you should have been warned long ago
Of this Circe whose smiles are creating
In our Elysian home, so much woe.
Years ago, when we were first wed,
My son, your dear father and I
A happier life was ne'er led
By two mortals 'neath the blue sky."

"When this woman, whose daughter you love
Came, the peace of our home to destroy,
And I swear by yon star above,
I had died but for you, my boy.
You came with your cunning ways,
And the touch of your baby hand
Helped mother to live through those days,
Held me back from the unknown Land."

"One eve, as I mused in the gloaming
With my boy pressed close to my heart,
And a presentment of woe that was coming,
I heard voices that made me start.
Everywhere the perfume of flowers
Scented heavily the evening air,
But oh! so awful to me were the hours
And naught under heaven seemed fair."

"They both came and stood before me,
And John, in a cold, harsh tone,
Saying he had ceased to love me,
Turned to go and leave me, alone.
And I, why I could say nothing,
My heart seemed turned to stone
Only my eyes expressed their loathing
At the deed the Circe had done."

"Then God mercifully took reason away
And I fell like one dead to the floor
And knew nothing for many a day.
But then, John was mine once more
Her spell was broken, but so was John's heart
When he realized the sad, bitter truth.
Soon after he died, and I had to part
With my idol, the love of my youth."

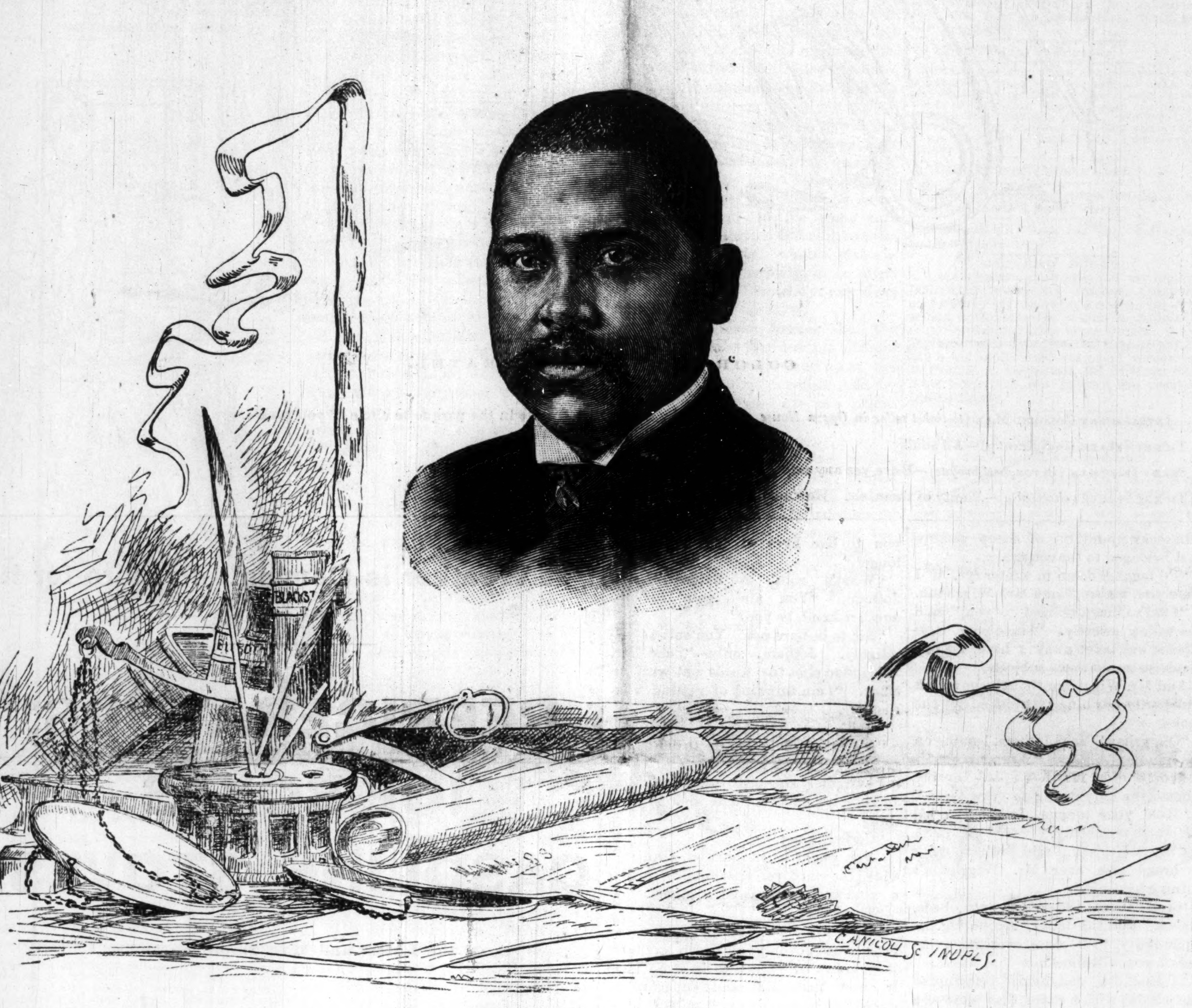
"That murderess lives, and would you bring
Her child as a daughter to me?
Why, always between us, a hideous thing
A horrible spectre would be!
I know that Lilian loves you
With the strength of her woman's soul,
But will that love, think you,
The stone from John's grave roll?"

"Nay, let her suffer such grief and pain
As I have for thirty long years,
Then ask me for my love again,
And I may hearken to her tears.
You will give her up, you say?
You will tear her from your breast,
Then Heaven is kind to-day.
And I am no more depressed.

"But why won't I ever wear roses?
Why she, the Circe, wore them that night
When daylight the spot discloses
You shall view it there in that light.
* * * * * * *
Retribution cometh swift and sure
On the heels of our fast-coming years,
And only the good shall endure
Its visit of mourning and tears.

—KATIE D. CHAPMAN.

Yankton, Dakota.



HON. CHARLES H. J. TAYLOR,
Ex Minister to Liberia and Attorney at Law, Atlanta, Georgia.

A BLACK DEMOSTHENES.

CHARLES H. J. TAYLOR, EX-MINISTER TO LIBERIA AND ATTORNEY AT LAW.

A Splended Example of Negro Manhood, Eloquence and Wit--An Independent Thinker, a Fearless Journalist, a Successful Lawyer.

Written expressly for The Freeman.

"America," it has been said, "is a new name for opportunity," That it is true is shown by the fact that men of every condition, clime and nationalitiy have risen to fame and fortuue within its bounds. The genius of our institutions is such that all men may run with a reasonable expectation of winning. The life of Charles H. J. Taylor is an illustration of the truth of these assertions. Beginning his life under very adverse circumstances, with race, previous condition of servitude, and poverty cast in the balance against him, he has turned even the things which seemed most to oppose his progress, into the means of bringing about his advancement.

Mr. Taylor was born in the town of Marion, Alabama, on the 21st of April, 1856; he is now therefore thirty-three years old, His boyhood and youth were characterized by a ceaseless endeavor to carve his way to a useful and honorable distinction. Placed in the midst of environments void of incentives to high asperations, it is somewhat remarkable that he rose above them, and pursued "the even tenor of his way." For several years Mr. Taylor was a newsboy in Savannah, Ga. This occupation was calculated to give him such a knowledge of the world and of human nature as would be of service to him when his faculties found employment in the larger arena of life's realities. Meantime that part of his education which a knowledge of books gives, was not neglected. In addition to taking lessons of a private tutor, Mr. Taylor attended the Beach Institute, a school founded by the American Missionary Association. Leaving Savannah he went to Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he attended the famous Ann Arbor University, remaining in the litery department three years. He then entered the law department and completed the prescribed course of two years. After graduation he entered immediately into the active practice of the law. He has tried cases in the following States: Michigan, Iowa, Kansas, Indiana, Missouri, Ohio, Illinois, Colorado, Kentucky, Virginia and Georgia. In 1868, Mr. Taylor was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the U. S., on motion of Hon. H. W. Blair, U. S. Senator from the State of New Hampshire.

Mr. Taylor has won many laurels and much fame as a lecturer. The subjects which he has treated in this connection are numerous, and cover matters relating to religion, morality, temperance, politics in its comprehensive sense, and speculative philosophy. The caption of his subjects are of the Ingersollian type, while his treatment is just the opposite as far as relates to religion and Christian faith. "Hell in a Blaze," 'The Gods of the World" and "What We Are and Will Be" give a faint idea of his work in the lecture field.

As a lawyer Mr. Taylor has been the recipient of the most flattering success. His cases cover almost every subject of the law. One of the notable cases which he successfully conducted was that of Geo. Fowler vs Colored Exodusers who had "squatted" upon certain lands from which it was sought to eject them. A prominent newspaper speaking of the case, says: "Mr. Fowler was represented by Hon. J. B. Scroggs, Goodwin and Replinger, three of the ablest lawyers of the country, while the colored folks were represented by Mr. C. H. J. Taylor. The suit last six days and great credit is due Mr. Taylor for the able manner in which he conducted the case. It is a suit where property to the value of forty thousand dollars is involved and Mr. Taylor has certainly done his duty to his clients." At the time of his appointment to the Liberian mission by President Cleveland, he was Assistant City Attorney of Kansas City, Kas. Mr. Taylor has great power and influence over a jury. His speeches to courts abound in sound logic, cogent reasoning, pungent wit or great pathos, as the occasion may demand. Calm, cool and deliberate at all times, he is never more so than when trying a case with an exasperated opponent. His knowledge of the sources of the law, and the great maxims and fundamental principles of justice is thorough and complete, and his excellent memory never fails him when it is necessary to call up any of these. His clear reasoning, his discriminating judgement, and his perspicuous style, coupled with his self-control and deliberateness are qualities which mark him as a man suited to wear the judicial ermine.

Mr. Taylor is also very well known as an editor. His efforts in this line of work are characterized by his usual energy, enthusiasm and ability. His editorials are strong, pointed and forcible. In replying to an adversary he is cutting and caustic. However, as the law is Mr. Taylor's first love, no other pursuit has been able to lure him for any considerable time from its practice. Therefore, his history as an editor is short, but exceedingly interesting.

As a politician Mr. Taylor is best known to the American people and to the world.

From 1876 to 1888 he has been almost without intermission actively engaged in political warfare. He took part in the famous campaign of 1876 in S. C., when Hampton and Chamberlain were pitted against each other, espousing the cause of Hampton. In a riot which occurred at one of the public meetings held during this campaign, Mr. Taylor received a wound which sent him limping through life. Possessed of a mind given to investigation, and of faculties that arrive at conclusions by their own operations, Mr. Taylor has not been able to identify himself continuously with either of the two great political parties now existing in this country. When the Republican party, as he believed, refused to live up to its professions he left it and sought more congenial party affiliations. He has therefore done efficient service for both the Republican and Democratic parties. Mr. Taylor's political speeches have given him a national reputation, and it may be stated, without fear of successful contradiction, that no man of the race, has earned so many laurels from all sources as he. Not only has Mr. Taylor taken the stump for principles which others have represented, but also for principles which he, as a candidate represented. He made a canvas for the office of Judge of the Tenth Judicial District of Kansas, and came within a few votes of being elected. He was also appointed Assistant City Attorney of Kansas City, which office he filled for five years with credit to himself, and to the complete satisfaction of the community. While in the discharge of the duties of this office President Cleveland selected him from among 126 other applicants, to represent this Government as Minister Resident and Consul General to the Republic of Liberia. His appointment was favorably received in the West In commenting upon his mission a prominent paper said: "The colored people of the West are proud of the recognition President Cleveland has given them in Mr. Taylor, who is worthy and able." Another paper said: "We are proud of our new minister and congratulate him heartily." Previous to his departure to Liberia Mr. Taylor was freely and frequently banqueted. In the course of a speech which he delivered at a banquet given in honor of himself in St. Louis, he gave utterance to the following sentiments. "We must learn to believe in our ability to live without constant assistance from the white man," "Political parties should not do our thinking; we must do that ourselves," "I am for my country and my race—now and forever. Your world is my world, your destiny my destiny." These isolated and detached utterances gave an index to the whole character of the man. Faith in the ability of the race, self-reliance, individuality, love of the race—these are the characteristics that mark Mr. Taylor as a man of high oruer.

Mr. Taylor's stay in Liberia was of short duration. He became so utterly digusted with the state of affairs be found existing in the "black republic," that, before the expiration of a year, he returned to this country and tendered his resignation to the State Department. His revelation concerning the bankrupt conditions of the Republic, the anomalous state of society, and, in short, the shams and frauds which the government of Liberia resorts to, to give itself character abroad and a sort of standing at home, created a profound sensation, not only in this country, but also in Europe. Some feeble and futile attempts were made by certain officials in Liberia to controvert Mr. Taylor's accounts, but without success. What Mr. Taylor has written and said of Liberia, if collected in a volume, would furnish food for instruction, reflection and merriment, unequalled by either C. C. Warner's "Stay in the Levant," or Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad."

Mr. Taylor was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention which convened in St. Louis on the 5th of June, 1888, when Grover Cleveland was re-nominated for the Presidency. In the convention he made a speech which for the amount of genuine enthusiasm created, excelled Dan Dougherty's speech nominating Cleveland. The St. Louis Republic, referring to his speech, speaks of Mr. Taylor as "weighing, perhaps, 200 pounds, and a ton when wrought up to the pitch of excitement he attained in his speech yesterday. Every other word was vociferously applauded by the immense audience." Into this campaign, celebrated for its elevated principles and never-to-be-forgotten excitement and enthusiasm, Mr. Taylor entered heart and soul, fighting under the banner of Grover Cleveland and "tariff reform." He did the double work of editor and orator during the three months of action and excitement. His work when taken into consideration was simply astonishing. At one time writing a caustic editorial, at another traveling hundreds of miles to meet an engagement, where he had to acquit himself in keeping with the fame which an admiring press gave him, and between times utilizing spare moments in replying to public documents emanating from such men as Douglass, Lynch and Bruce, it is a marvel how even his vigorous frame withstood the ordeal. The limits of this sketch will not permit a reference to many incidents that occurred in his career during this memorable campaign. The leading papers of the West, both Republican and Democratic, sent special reporters hundreds of miles to make reports of his speeches.

One instance: On the 14th of September, 1888, Mr. Taylor spoke at Louisiana, Mo. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, the leading Republican paper of the West, sent a special correspondent over one hundred miles to give in its columns an account of the meeting and to report the speech of Mr. Taylor. The Globe-Democrat of the following morning contained a minute account of the meeting and a report of the entire speech. This compliment that paper has paid to no other colored speaker, not even those of its own party. A leading newspaper man of New York, where it is thought by some resides the ablest colored Democrat of the country, in a letter to Gen. Pat. Collins, says of Mr. Taylor: "He is beyond all question the ablest and most serviceable colored Democrat in this country."

The Evening Journal of Atlanta, Ga., says of him: "He is a fine talker, and a man robust in mind and body." The Atlanta Constitution says: "He is unquestionably the most advanced thinker of his race. His views are thoroughly unique and he has no superior as a striking and original talker."

Since the 21st of December, 1888, Mr. Taylor has been a resident of Atlanta, Ga., where he opened a law office in the Centennial building, on Whitehall St., one of the principal thoroughfares of the city, on the 4th of January, 1889. Mr. Taylor went to Atlanta an entire stranger to its citizens, but he has already ingratiated himself into the favor and esteem of the best citizens of both races, and has also built up a large and lucrative practice in the courts. Out of seventy-two cases which he has conducted, he has won sixty-three. Many of the clients whom he has defended in criminal cases belonging to that class known as "hard cases," on whose countenances are stamped the evident marks of mental and moral degradation. Yet he has defended them with unvarying success. His income, judging from the amount received in fees up to the present, will amount to between four and five thousand dollars a year. The Atlanta bar has lost nothing of dignity and learning in its acquisition of Mr. Taylor. Courts, lawyers and juries accord him the respect which belongs to a man, whom they recognize as a peer in all respects. Socially, Mr. Taylor is companionable, affable and entertaining. His conversationable powers, constituted of broad information, genial humor, sparkling wit, and quick but gentle repartee, make him a valuable member of any social circle. He does not, however, enter frequently into society, on account of his busy and studious habits.

Mr. Taylor has barely reached the prime of life; yet he has already earned for himself a conspicuous place in the annals of American history. He is an illustration of the progressiveness of the younger men of the race. All men who honor and admire pluck, energy, industry, faith and aggressiveness must accord to Charles H. J. Taylor great praise, for his life teaches

"That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that,"

L. M. HERSHAW, A. B.,
Principal Gate City School, Atlanta, Ga.

Not a Burly Negro.

Andrew Diller, a colored man of Henderson, saved three young ladies of that city from what might have been their death on Saturday. They were out driving, and their horse becoming frightened, ran away, when Diller threw himself in front of the animal and grasped the reins. He was dragged some fifty yards, but succeeded in his noble purpose.

HOW THEY OSCULATE.

The girls of Troy and Buffalo,
And those of Hornellsville,
All seem to brew their kiss divine
From a kind of heavenly still.

The Boston girl is a sunbeam bright,
And she sheds her radiance round;
She osculates on a theory,
But that theory's mighty sound.

The girl that lives in Louisville
Is as sweet as a poet's dream;
She has such perfect kissing ways
That she seems to run by steam.

The Brooklyn girl is a peerless queen,
And can kiss you on the run:
It's touch and go with this sprightly maid,
And you wonder how 'twas done.

Did you ever go to Washington
On a mission such as this?
Then I need not stop to tell you of
The D. C. girl's wild kiss.

Gotham's girls are a charming crew,
Who are never short on bliss;
They can make a man see heavenly stars
With their own self-acting kiss.

The St. Louis girl is a soulful maid,
Who for days will never stir;
But suggest a kissing matinee
And you'll find no flies on her.

Cincinnati girls are a sweet surprise—
They look so shy and tame;
But they've got a patent on a yum-yum kiss
And they get there just the same.

The Omaha girl is a whole hoss team
With the house dog under the wagon,
And history fails to record the time
When she was caught a-laggin'.

The Chicago girl is a dandy J-mes,
When it comes to this busine-s sweet:
She gets right there in Gothic style
With both of her ample feet.

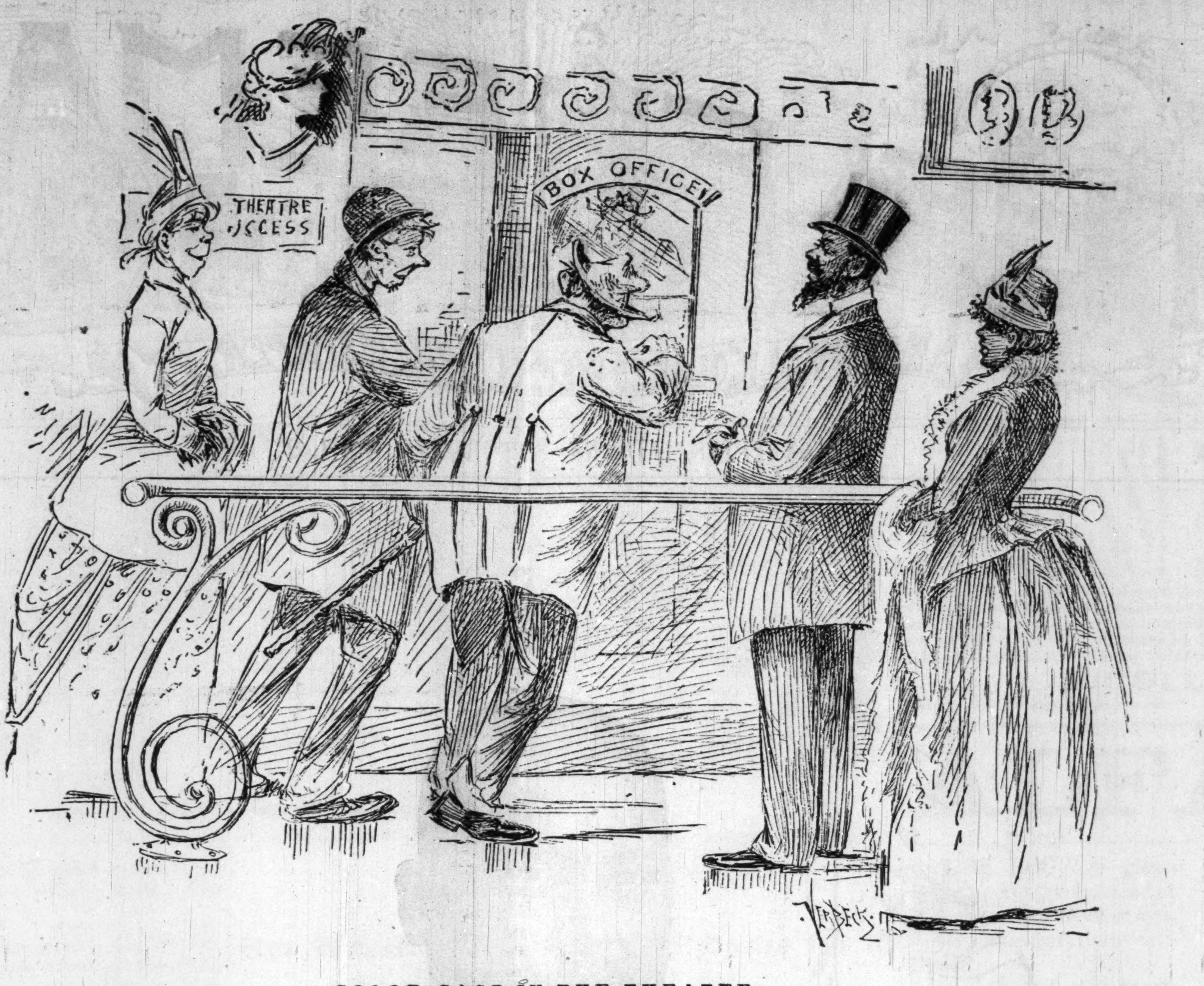
The Harrisburg girl—Oh, my heart beat wild,
When I think of her lips divine!
My head spins round like a school boy's top
When I sip of her breath's rich wine.

The Pittsburg girl is a hummer sweet,
And kisses with a lively zest:
She glues right on to your frontispiece
Till you yell, "Come off my vest!"

The Lima girl entwines your neck
With a serpentine-like coil,
And kisses you as fast as a horse can trot,
For she runs on fuel oil.

The Oil Creek girls are the girls for me,
For their kisses are most intense;
They've got a grip like a rotary pump
That will lift you over the fence.

—Oil City Derrick.



COLOR CAST IN THE THEATER.

INTELLIGENT COLORED MAN (*to ticket seller in Opera House, politely*)—I want two good seats in the parquette circle, if you please.

TICKET SELLER (*indifferently*)—All sold!

SEEDY IRISHMAN (*in roughest brogue*)—Have yes any sates left in the pairquat, sor?

TICKET SELLER (*cheerfully*)—Plenty of them, sir. How many do you want?

WINNING A WIDOW.

Exchange.

"Jotham!" quoth Mr. Wiggleton, to his chief farm hand.

"Well, what's wantin'?" lazily responded Jothan Hardcastle, with a half masticated straw between his teeth, as he looked up from the bit of harness he was mending.

"The Widow Palmleaf has taken the cottage at the foot of the lane."

"Tell me something I didn't know afore," said Jotham, with more freedom than reverence in his manner.

"And if she sends up to borrow the rake, or the hoe, or the spade—"

"Well, what then?"

"Tell her she can't have 'em. Women are always borrowing. I knew Hobart Palmleaf when he was alive; he was a chronic borrower. I don't want anything to do with his widow."

"All right," observed Jotham, philosophically, and his master resumed the perusal of his newspaper once more.

"Jotham!" said Mr. Wiggleton, about ten days afterward, as he came in heated and out of breath from a walk. (Mr. Wiggleton wasn't as spry as he had been before his five and fortieth birthday and the Locust Hill was a pretty steep ascent.)

"Well, what now?"

"I wonder if that was the Widow Palmleaf I saw gathering blackberries into a basket by the south wall of the cottage garden?"

"Kind 'o slim and tall?"

"Yes."

"Blue eyes, and hair as shiny as satin?"

"And a little white parasol, lined with pink?"

"Yes."

"Reckon likely it was," said Jotham.

"But," persisted the puzzled landowner, "she doesn't look at all like a widow."

"There's as much difference in widows as there is in other folks," observed Jotham, dryly.

Mr. Wiggleton was silent for a minute or two.

"Jotham!" he finally said.

"Well?"

"Has she sent to borrow anything?"

"Sent yesterday forenoon—asked if we had a screw-driver to lend—the hinge was comin' loose on the garden gate."

"And what did you tell her?"

"Said my order was contrary wise to lendin' or borrowin'."

"Jotham, you are a fool."

"Tain't the first time you've said so, and 'tain't the first time you've been wrong," said Jotham, with a calmness of demeanor that was beautiful to behold. "Hard words is considered in the wages, and I ain't the man to find fault. I only did as you told me."

"Yes, but Jotham, never mind, the next time she sends, let her have whatever she wants."

"Said somethin' about wantin' a man to come and hoe them early potatoes. Be I to go?"

"Certainly—of course. Neighbors should act like neighbors, especially in the country."

And Mr. Wiggleton sighed and wished that he was not too corpulent and unused to labor to hoe the Widow Palmleaf's early potatoes himself.

But he did the next best thing; he went over to look at the field after Jotham had hoed it, and gave the widow good advice concerning a certain rocky up-hill bit of sheep pasture that belonged to the cottage.

"I'd lay that down in winter rye, if I were you, ma'am," said Mr. Wiggleton.

"I am so much obliged to you," said the widow, sweetly. "Since poor, dear Hobart was taken away I have no one to advise me on these subjects."

And Mr. Wiggleton thought how soft and pretty her blue eyes looked as she spoke.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Jotham, leaning on the handle of his hoe, "Winter rye ain't the sort o' crop for that spot. Spring wheat's the only thing to grow there."

"Hold your tongue, Jotham!" cried his employer, testily.

"Yes, sir, I will," said Jotham, with a broad grin over Mr. Wiggleton's shining bald head.

"And about these hyacinth beds, ma'am," said the latter, recovering his equanimity, "I'll come over this evening, if you will allow me—"

"I shall be delighted," interrupted the widow, with a smile that showed a set of teeth as white and regular as pearls.

"This evening, ma'am," repeated Mr. Wiggleton, with a bow, "and we'll sketch out a diagram. Hyacinths have to be humored, Mrs. Palmleaf."

"So I have always heard," said the widow.

That evening, after Mr. Wiggleton had returned from discussing the momentous questions of sandy soil, bulbous roots and crescents and circles, he found Jotham on the front porch contentedly breathing the flower scented air.

"A very pretty woman, that Mrs. Palmleaf, Jotham," said the employer; not because there was any special congenialty of soul between himself and his farm hand, but because he could have talked to the gate posts if Jotham hadn't happened to be there.

"Well, nobody doubts that, as ever I heerd on," said Jotham, with his elbows on his knees and his face complacently turned toward the full moon.

"And she can't be over thirty."

"So I should a-said, myself," assented Jotham.

"I'm glad she has taken the cottage on a long lease, Jotham," pursued Mr. Wiggleton, "I like good neighbors."

"Most folks do," observed Jotham.

And he got up, shaking himself like a great Newfoundland dog, and went into the house, leaving Mr. Wiggleton to the companionship of his own cogitations. There are times in which the solitude is said to be the best company; perhaps this was one of these special occasions, in the estimation of Jotham Hardcastle.

The summer went by; the great maple in front of the Wiggleton mansion began to glow as if its leaves had been dipped in blood and melted gold; the asters reared their purple torches along the stone wall by the cottage under the hill, and any acute observer might have perceived that Mrs. Palmleaf had laid down the rocky bit of up hill ground in spring wheat instead of winter rye.

"Jotham!" said Mr. Wiggleton to his farm hand one evening, it was the first time they had had a fire on the wide, old fashioned hearth.

"Well?"

"I—have concluded it isn't best for you to live here at the house any longer."

"What's goin' to happen?" said Jotham. "You ain't goin' to hire another hand, be you?"

"No; to be sure not. You suit us admirably. Jotham. only—" and Mr. Wiggleton shot the words out with an effort. "I am thinking of getting married!"

"Oh!"

"It's rather late in life to be sure," said Mr. Wiggleton, conscious of looking extremely sheepish; "but you know, Jotham, it's never too late to do a good thing."

"Certainly not."

"You ought to get married. Jotham," added his employer, speaking in rather a rapid and embarrassed manner.

"Think so?"

"Certainly. You might live in the little house beyond the peach orchard; it wouldn't take much to fit it up nicely, now that paint and paper are so cheap."

Jotham stared reflectively at the fire.

"And your wife could take care of the cream and butter, and all that sort of thing for us. It isn't likely that Mrs. P.—Ahem!—it isn't likely, I mean, that my wife will care for such things."

"Humph!"

"I'd advise you to turn the thing all over in your mind, Jotham," said Mr. Wiggleton.

"Yes, I will," said Jotham with a little cough.

The next morning Mr. Wiggleton attired himself in his best suit and went to the cottage.

Mrs. Palmleaf received him in a charming wrapper with ribbon to match.

Mr. Wiggleton wasted no time in useless preliminary chit-chat.

"Mrs. Palmleaf, ma'am," he began, a little nervously, "I have concluded to change my condition."

"Indeed!" said the widow, smiling like an opening rose. "I am so glad to hear it."

"And I am here this morning to ask you to be my wife!" pursued our hero, boldly.

"You are kind, sir," said Mrs. Palmleaf, blushing, and looking prettier than ever, "but I—I really couldn't."

"And why not?" demanded Mr. Wiggleton, fairly taken aback by this unexpected answer.

"I am engaged!" owned up the charming widow, playing with the ribbons at her belt.

"Might I dare to ask—that is—"

"Oh, certainly. It's Jotham Hardcastle."

Mr. Wiggleton stammered out a sentence or two of congratulation, and took his leave.

And when the "spring wheat" reared its green tassels on the hillside, Jotham married the pretty young widow, and Mr. Wiggleton is single yet. He always felt as if he had been ill-treated, but he never could tell exactly how.

Lenton Sacrifice.

Pastor—Have you given up anything in Lent, Mr. Parish?

Mr. P. (with a feeling)—Yes, sir. I have given up $27 for an Easter bonnet for my wife.

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Two little maids with naught to fear,
Except that either will rightly guess
What t'other holds behind her dress.

They scan each others faces fair;
Then, in one voice, they both declare
"Hood's Sarsaparilla! I can tell;
And that's what makes you look so well."

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If you are run down, or have that tired feeling as a result of overwork or the effect of the changing season, you should take that best of all tonics and blood purifiers, Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies, and enriches the blood, tones the stomach rouses the liver and kidneys, creates an appetite and builds up the system. Thousands testify that Hood's Sarsaparilla "makes the weak strong."

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THE EXPERIENCE OF MRS. PETERS.

Mrs. Peters had ills,
Mrs. Peters had chills,
Mrs. Peters was sure she was going to die;
They dosed her with pills,
With powders and squills,
With remedies wet, and with remedies dry.

Many medicines lured her,
But none of them cured her,
Their names and their number nobody could tell;
And she soon might have died,
But some "Pellets" were tried,
That acted like magic, and then she got well.

The magic "Pellets" were Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets (the original Little Liver Pills). They are unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cents, by druggists.

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We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

Trade Mark $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

THE LIGHTNING ROD MAN.

How a Man With Ready Made Statistics Swindles the Farmers.

New York Sun.

"How is it that you still manage to sell so many lightning rods?" was asked the other day of an agent who makes Pennsylvania his stamping ground:

"Because people want them," he replied. "It is rare that you can sell one in a town or city nowadays, but nine farmers out of ten want them."

"Do they believe in them?"

"They do—after I have got through talking. It is the man who is not posted who brings reproach on the lightning rod business. To be a successful lightning rod agent you must be loaded."

"How?"

"Well, I call upon a farmer who has just built a fine barn. He has been told that rods are N. G. He receives me very coldly, and promptly announces his belief that I am a humbug. I laugh and pretend to feel very jolly, and presently bring out weapon number one."

"What is that?"

"The losses sustained on barns by fire insurance companies doing business in the State. I show him that in one year 2,140 barns were struck by lightning and consumed. Of this number only four had rods. They were, of course, the rods made by a rival company. Our rods would have saved them. Then comes weapon number two. I show him a list of 7,000 barns on which we have rods, and not one of them has ever been damaged."

"And he is convinced?"

"Oh, no. I have a whole battery in reserve. I get the position of his barn by compass, and then find at least three reasons why it is unusually exposed to lightning. I advise him to cut down certain trees in case he won't have a rod, and offer to bet $100 to $20 that his barn will be struck inside of a year. I explain how thunder storms originate, which attracts lightning, which corner of his barn is the most liable to be struck, and why our rods beats all."

"Where do you get all your statistics?"

"Make them for myself, sir. It may be a little over or a little under, but it makes no difference to the farmer. I have the number of barns burned in the United States last year. I made my own figures. He can accept them or not. I don't press him to buy a rod, but I am bound to give statistics. He invites me to stay to dinner, and after dinner I demonstrate the virtues of our rod."

"How?"

"By an electric battery. I have only to show him the sparks and flashes on the point to make him believe. Then I talk about 'circuits,' 'grounded wires,' 'induction,' 'attraction,' and so on, and he gets in such a hurry for a rod that we have to work far into the evening."

"Does your conscience ever trouble you?"

"Never. Everybody should have a lightning rod—one of our make. They are ornamental. They give a jaunty air to roofs and chimneys. There is no delicate machinery to get out of order. It is no expense to run one after it is up. While you are off huckleberrying in the daytime are at sleep at night the lightning rod is attending right to business and not charging a cent. No, sir, my conscience is as clear as a bell, and my sales this year will be one-third larger than last. I've got statistics to show that every barn in the State equipped with our rods escaped hurricanes and cyclones as well as thunderbolts last year.

Tumbling Out of Space.

N. Y. Sun.

Please inform a constant reader how long it would take a star to fall from the sky to the earth. WM. DONOHUE.

A star could not fall to the earth. If there were any falling, in such a case the earth would fall to the star. If you mean, how long would it take any body small enough to be controlled by the earth's attraction to fall from the sky? the question could be answered if the distance of the sky were known. But there is no material thing represented by the word "sky," and the bodies that appear in the heavens, such as the sun, the moon, and the stars, are at various distances. In fact, the distances of only a few stars are known, even approximately. We do know, however, how far it is to the sun, how far to the moon, and how far to each of the planets with considerable accuracy. A body would fall to the earth from the distance of the moon, about 239,000 miles, in four days and twenty hours. From the distance of the sun, 93,000,000 miles, it would fall in over 100 years. And if you should tumble off the nearest fixed star, Alpha Centauri, supposing its attraction should let you go, you would be nine thousand million years in falling down the 20,000,000,000,000-mile precipice of space that towers from the earth up to that star.

They Want Mr. Wanamaker's Salary.

Philadelphia Times.

When the Times published last Sunday the incident relating to the Postmaster-General drawing his first salary and his remark that he didn't know what to do with the $577.78, it was read all over the country, and the result is that Mr. Wanamaker has received about 500 letters asking for the money. A fire company in a remote town suggests that he give it the money to buy a fire engine. A woman wrote asking for the money to start a building fund for a church. A man wants the money for a school, and any quantity of families in "reduced circumstances" would like the Postmaster-General to forward his first salary to them.

HONESTY AND INTELLIGENCE.

It pays to be honest, you say.

Granted.

Yet how many are dishonest through ignorance, expediency, or intentionally. One can be dishonest and yet say nothing.

A clerk who lets a customer buy a damaged piece of goods, a witness who holds back the truth which would clear a prisoner, a medical practitioner who takes his patient's money when knows he is doing him no good,—all are culpably dishonest.

Speaking of the dishonesty of medical men reminds us that only the past week there has come under our personal observation a form of dishonesty which is almost too mean for narration.

It is generally known that doctor bind themselves by codes, resolutions and oaths not to use any advertised medicines. Now, there is a medicine on the market which, for the past ten years, has accomplished a marvelous amount of good in the cure of Kidney and Liver diseases, and diseases arising from the derangement of these great organs,—we refer to Warner's Safe Cure. So widespread are the merits of this medicine that the majority of the doctors of this country know from actual evidence that it will cure Advanced Kidney Disease, which is but another name for Bright's Disease.

The medical profession have put themselves on record as admitting that there is no cure for this terrible malady, yet there are physicians base enough to procure Warner's Safe Cure in a surreptitious manner, put the same into plain, four-ounce vials, and charge their patients $2.00 per vial, when a sixteen-ounce bottle of the remedy, in its original package, can be bought at any drug store in the world for $1.25.

Perhaps the doctor argues that the cure of the patient justifies his dishonesty, yet he will boldly stand up at the next county medical meeting and denounce Warner's Safe Cure as a patent medicine, and one which he cannot and will not use.

The fact is that the people are waking up to the truth that the medical profession is far from honest, and that it does not possess a monopoly of wisdom in the curing of disease, doctoring the many symptoms of kidney disease, instead of striking at the seat of disease—the kidneys themselves,—allowing patients to die rather than use a remedy known to be a specific, simply because it has been advertised, and when patients are dead from Advanced Kidney Disease, still practicing deception by giving the cause of death in their certificate as pneumonia, dropsy, heart disease, or some other accompanying effect of Bright's Disease.

All this is *prima facie* evidence of incompetency, bigotry and dishonesty.

We speak but the truth when we say that Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., have done a most philanthropic work for the past ten years in educating the people up to the knowledge they now enjoy, especially of maladies growing out of diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, and are deserving of all praise for their honesty and straightforwardness in exposing shams and dishonesty of all kinds.

The barber who shaves boys would make a good city editor. He learns to cut down.

HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
E. H. VAN HOESEN, Cashier, Toledo National Bank, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

The President has appointed Jos. A. Sexton to be postmaster at Chicago. He is a well known business man of that city.

—I am well pleased with MAGEE'S EMULSION. It is easily taken and digested, and unlike most emulsions, it gives little or no offense to the stomach. A. P. Grinnell, Dean University of Vt., Burlington.

A Story of Lincoln.

Hon. Will Cumback tells the following story of Lincoln: "Speaking about the President and the office-seekers, of course, where there are three applicants for every position two are going to be disappointed. He can't give them all places. That reminds me. When Lincoln was President he was taken ill, and the doctor told him he had varioloid.

"'What is it?' he asked.

"'Varioloid,' said the doctor.

"'Good enough,' said Lincoln, 'I've got something now I can give everybody."

Mrs. Salstontall, of Boston: "Tommy, will you have a piece of mince pie?" Tommy Beaconstreet (who is taking dinner out): "Yes'm, and I trust that your apportionment will be commensurate with my esteem for yourself."

Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., quickly relieved by BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. A simple and effectual remedy, superior to all other articles for the same purpose. *Sold only in boxes.*

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When baby was sick we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Some of the able Republicans with foreign aspirations find that submission is about the only mission that they will get.

Man Wants a Tonic

When there is a lack of elastic energy in the system, shown by a sensation of languor and unrest in the morning, frequent yawning during the day and disturbed sleep at night. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters infuses unwonted energy into the enfeebled and nervous, endowing them with muscular energy, an ability to repose healthfully, and digest without inconvenience. Nervousness, headache, biliousness, impaired appetite and a feeble, troublesome stomach, are all and speedily set aright by this matchless regulator and invigorant. The mineral poisons, among them strychnia and nux vomica, are never safe tonics, even in infinitesimal doses. The Bitters answers the purpose more effectually, and can be relied upon as perfectly safe by the most prudent. Fever and ague, kidney troubles and rheumatism yield to it.

Intense—A circus.

The Difficulty Experienced

In taking Cod Liver Oil is entirely overcome in Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. It is as palatable as milk, and the most valuable remedy that has ever been produced for the cure of Consumption, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases. Do not fail to try it.

"Well Bunched"—Strings of bananas.

Bradfield's Female Regulator

Should be used by the young woman, she who suffers from any disorders peculiar to her sex, and at change of life; it benefits all who use it. Write the Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all durggists.

"Short Horses"—Ponies.

The man or woman who is profitably employed is generally happy. If you are not happy it may be because you have not found your proper work. We earnestly urge all such persons to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va., and they can show you a work in which you can be happily and profitably employed.

"Dark Horses"—Black ones.

When all so-called remedies fail, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

We naturally look for the well-bred in the "upper crust."

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the receipt free of charge.

"Promsing Youngsters"—Bad boys after being whipped.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address,

Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York

Lots of people are inconsistent enough to expect a mule to have horse sense.—Detroit Free Press.

Read Dr. Sarber's card in another column.

SYKE'S Sure Cure.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR CATARRH

The large number of certificates received of the virtues of this preparation in the treatment of this unpleasant disease, abundantly attest its efficacy. It is the only medicine now on the market adapted to Catarrh, that performs what it promises and effects not only speedy relief but a permanent cure. Unlike many nostrums now before the public, it does not dry up temporarily the nasal discharges, but eradicates the producing cause, thus leaving the system in a sound and healthy condition. Ask your druggists for a bottle of Sykes' Sure Cure for Catarrh and you will be healed of the malady.

For sale by all Druggists.

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DR. HORNE'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BELT positively cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LIVER, KIDNEY and exhausting chronic diseases of both sexes. Contains 23 to 100 degrees of Electricity. GUARANTEED the latest improved, cheapest, scientific, powerful, durable and effective MEDICAL ELECTRIC BELT in the WORLD. Electric Suspensories free with Male Belts. Avoid bogus companies with many aliases and worthless imitations. ELECTRIC TRUSSES FOR RUPTURE. 9,000 cured. Send stamp for illustrated pamphlet. DR. W. J. HORNE, INVENTOR, 191 WABASH AVE.

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Scrofula Is entirely eradicated from the system by its use.

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IF YOU have a Cold, Cough, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, or a generally run-down system, you can regain health and strength quickly by the use of

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Ask your Druggist for it and take only that labelled

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My little boy, 5 years old, was sick with a disease for which doctors had no name. The nails came off his fingers, and the fingers came off to the middle joint. For 3 years he suffered dreadfully; is now getting well, and I am satisfied Swift's Specific is the chief cause of his improvement.

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Jan. 12, 1889.

POISONED BY A CALF—My little boy broke out with sores and ulcers, the result of the saliva of a calf coming in contact with a cut finger. The ulcers were deep and painful and showed no inclination to heal. I gave him Swift's Specific, and he is now well.

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Has cured all coughs, colds, bronchitis, and relieved asthma and consumption for all who have used it. Is not this an evidence of its merits and reliability? It is a *sure* and *safe medicine* for all bronchial troubles, and never fails to give satisfaction. Try it under a full warrantee. Price, 50 cents and $1.00 per bottle. Prepared by EMMERT PROPRIETARY CO., Chicago, Ill.

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RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND.

Original, best, only genuine and reliable pill for sale. Never Fail. Ask for Chichester's English Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. At Druggists. Accept no other. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are a dangerous counterfeit. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. 10,000 testimonials from LADIES who have used them. Name Paper.

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The Oldest Medicine in the World is probably

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This article is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in constant use for nearly a century. There are few diseases to which mankind are subject more distressing than sore eyes, and none, perhaps, for which more remedies have been tried without success. For all external inflammation of the eyes it is an infallible remedy. If the directions are followed it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits. For sale by all druggists. JOHN L. THOMPSON, SONS & CO., TROY, N. Y. Established 1797.

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Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. Horne's Electro-Magnetic Belt-Truss, combined. Guaranteed the only one in the world generating a continuous *Electric & Magnetic current.* Scientific, Powerful, Durable, Comfortable and Effective. Avoid frauds. Over 9,000 cured. Send Stamp for pamphlet. ALSO ELECTRIC BELTS FOR DISEASES.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

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WARRANTED CHOLERA PROOF. EXPRESS PREPAID. WINS 1ST PRIZES IN U. S. & FOREIGN COUNTRIES. 2 WEIGHED 2806 LBS. SEND FOR DESCRIPTION & PRICE OF THESE FAMOUS HOGS, ALSO FOWLS. L. B. SILVER CO. CLEVELAND, O.

(This company sold 1026 head for breeding purposes in 1888. Send for facts and mention this paper.)

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY. $75 per month and expenses paid any active man or woman to sell our goods by sample and live at home. Salary paid promptly and expenses in advance. Full particulars and sample case FREE. We mean just what we say. Standard Silverware Co., Lock Box 5308, Boston, Mass.

PILES Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles cured or money refunded. Send for one box of Little's Pile Salve. Mailed to any address on receipt of price, 35 cts. LITTLE & COON, Box 138, Troy, N. Y.

MILK I will send for 12 cents in stamps a recipe to increase the flow of milk in cows 25 per cent. IT WILL DO IT. Sure. Address, J. A. SNYDER, Trenton, N. J. Mention this paper.

ORATORS find that Piso's Cure for Consumption not only PREVENTS, but also CURES Hoarseness.

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THE FREEMAN
A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED
COLORED NEWSPAPER
EDWARD E. COOPER, PROPRIETOR.

THE FREEMAN is a weekly newspaper published in the interest of the colored people It is issued every Saturday from 18½ N. Penn. St., by EDWARD E. COOPER, to whom all communication should be directed.

SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

THE FREEMAN invites contribution from all parts of the country, which relates in any way to the colored people. And will pay for such when used. We want to secure active intelligent correspondents in every city and town of the U. S. Information given on application.

We prefer not to return manuscript where the articles are short, and copies easily taken—such as poems, anecdotes and brief sketches; and in no case will we undertake to return MS. unless stamps for that purpose accompany the article.

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EDWARD E. COOPER,
Indianapolis, - - Ind.

All agents for The Freeman are requested to send in their orders and reports so as to reach us by Tuesday of each week. An observance of the above will avoid delays and insure prompt attention to orders.

LOGIC is sometimes a cold heartless thing. It cuts friends and foes alike. We have a piece in mind which we take from some paper, it matters not which. A question is now raised—whether President Harrison is not bound to put colored men into federal offices in the Southern States, on the ground that they formed the bulk of the Republican party in those States at the last election.

The argument as it is made proceeds on the old theory that "to the victors belong the spoils." But the question then arises, Are the colored Republicans of the South "victors?" Did they contribute anything to Mr. Harrison's success, or to that of his party? The answer must be No, they did not. It is asserted that all, or substantially all the colored voters in the Southern States are Republicans. They have a majority of votes in a number of those States, but they did not carry one for their party. On the theory that "to the victors belong the spoils" we do not see how they have a shadow of a "claim" to office at the hands of President Harrison. They had in many States a majority—in some a large majority—of voters, but they either did not go to the polls or did not get their votes counted if they did, and the States which, by their numerical strength they ought to have carried for the Republican party, were lost to that party. To "reward" them for losing their States would be absurd.

The case is different in a number of Northern States. In New York, Ohio and Indiana, for instance, the colored voters were important to the success of their party. If they had bodily gone over to the Democrats, one or two of these States might have been lost to the Republicans, and thus Mr. Cleveland and not Mr. Harrison would have carried the presidency. The colored voters in these States may therefore, on the theory that "to the victors belong the spoils" rightly claim what in the political slang is called "recognition." They have a right to their share of the plunder; they may ask the President, whom their votes helped to elect, to give them a share of the offices—according to their numbers.

THE stumbling stones in the way of human progress have not always been the so-called wicked men of the world. The thieves and murderers and other criminals can be locked up, hung or otherwise disposed of. The greatest stumbling blocks in the road to all good, all reforms, all progress, have been and are the men who are content with things as they are, and desire no change. The man who is content to live in a hovel will always live in a hovel. The man who is content to be tyranized over will always have tyrants as his masters. That class of men are the men who stand in the road and blockade every good movement. The laws of a remote past are good enough for them. They vote as their grand-fathers did. They worship as their remote ancestors worshipped. Such men have cursed the world more than actual lawbreakers. They may be law abiding. They may be "good men." They may be and often are, Christian men. but no men have done the world more positive injury. When they have been in the majority, intolerance has reigned, despotism has flourished, tyrany has trampled on humanity, and human rights have been dragged in the dust. Such men are found in the Negro race to-day. They desire no change. They are content to live as they are living. They want the educated, well-trained young men to think as they think; to live as they live; to vote as they vote. They are time servers and admirers of men and systems of government that dispoil them, and are stumbling stones in the way of needed reforms. They are the men who have blocked the progress of the race, and have been more injurious to the race than actual law breakers. Let us be liberal, progressive and tolerant. The polished, disciplined man of to-day will not follow the toilers and slaves of anti bellum days, mark that.

THAT old thread-bare discussion—what shall we be called—Negroes, colored people, Africo-Americans, Afro-Americans, Afmericans or just plain Americans is being revived and discussed. It is our opinion that no term designates the American Negro so well as the term "colored people." We are not Africans because we were born and reared in this country, hence the prefix, Africo-Afro-Af, will not do. We are not Negroes, because that word implies black and we are not all black. We represent every shade of complexion, from the very fair blonde with blue eyes and straight hair to the very dark skined Negro with thick lips and kinky hair. There is but one term which will properly include this variegated, many-colored people, and that is the word "colored." When a colored person is spoken of we know to what race reference is made. We prefer to be known as plain, every-day Americans, but insist, that of all the above terms, "colored" is the most appropriate.

THE next issue of THE FREEMAN in point of illustrations and artistic merits will excel any previous issue. Having added a new force to our staff of artists, we are now prepared to give a larger quantity and a better quality of illustrations. The good things to appear in our next are too numerous to mention. In the language of King Solomon when he first saw the Queen of Sheba, it's "a daisy." Agents must send their orders so as to reach us not later than Tuesday.

WE have looked in vain to see something complimentary to the Negro in our Southern white exchanges. The only mention made of them is found in the police pickings(columns). We know of no better argument for a strong and vigorous Negro press South.

WE advise those big leaders who are sojourning at Washington, paying $4 per diem for expenses and waiting for "suthin" to turn up, to go home and wait. It doesn't cost so much to wait at home.

Now the Negro leaves the White House
sad and bereft,
While each growls at his neighbor, "Did
you ever get left."

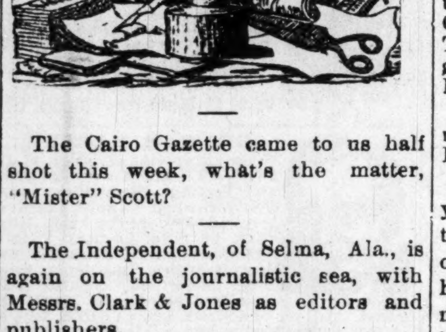
THE Weekly Tribune, of Philadelphia, will please give THE FREEMAN occasional credit for matter taken bodily from its columns.

EVERY Negro should subscribe for at least one good colored newspaper, and now is the time.

THE circulation of THE FREEMAN has increased just one thousand (two reams) this issue.

ALABAMA is about the only Southern State we have heard from up to date.

The spring-time has come, "Gentle Annie."



The Cairo Gazette came to us half shot this week, what's the matter, "Mister" Scott?

The Independent, of Selma, Ala., is again on the journalistic sea, with Messrs. Clark & Jones as editors and publishers.

The Toledo Independent, Toledo, O., is a new candidate in the field for journalistic honors and revenues. It is ably edited and independent as its name indicates.

The South Western Christian Advocate, of New Orleans, La., Rev. A. E. P. Albert editor, has a larger circulation than any religious Negro newspaper published.

The good work of appointing editors continues, but up to date it has been confined to the white ones. We have yet to hear of the appointment of a single colored editor.

Bruce Grit, otherwise J. E. Bruce, of Washington, D. C., and who is without a doubt, the funny man of the colored press, is contributing some "interestin' readin'" to the Bee and Gazette.

The Gate City Press cites how to compel delinquent subscribers to pay up. If the Kansas and Missouri delinquent is anything like our Hoosier product, neither law, judge or jury can force him to "square up."

There are a class of educated scoundrels who infest the office of every colored newspaper. They see bad in everything and good in nothing. They have no faith in anyone and are true to no one—not even to themselves or their familes. They are, as a rule, personally popular, intellectually bright, but morally rotten to the core. They run from one paper to another with their "squibs and lies," and manage to keep a whole community in a perpetual boil.

The demand for Negro dailies is heard from all quarters. Would'nt it be first in order to make the weeklies pay? The colored press will remain powerless and weak until the race is educated up to the point of properly supporting them.

Journalistic piracy continues. The Freeman has been doing regular editorial service for a half dozen papers, among which are the Torchlight Appeal, the Huntsville and Cairo Gazette. Use our thunder all you wish, gentlemen, but give The Freeman credit occasionally.

Queries.—Why are blue marks always used to denote expired subscriptions? When will it dawn upon some men that they are not "cut out" for editors? Why is the average colored newspaper like a mill pond? Ans.—Because it has a very small circulation and little or no influence.

The Negro World, of Knoxville, Tenn., advises President Harrison to go slow in making appointments South, and clinches its argument by saying "it is better to be slow and right than to be hasty and wrong. "If we have read the signs in the political zodiac correctly, Mr. Harrison has already been making haste too slowly for a majority of the black cohorts.

The colored press is gradually developing not only wide awake, well read men, but scholars and orators as well. Some of the coming orators are now publishing newspapers, among whom are W. Calvin Chase, of the Bee. T. Thomas Fortune, of the Age, Jno. C. Dancy, of the Star of Zion and F. L. Barnett, of the Conservator. Some of our institutions of learning could make an excellent "change of program" by selecting their commencement orators from the press fraternity.

Dr. W. J. Simmons, author of "Men of Mark" and editor of "Our Women and Children," is prominently mentioned in connection with the Haytien Mission. We doubt whether he would accept it, and we question whether the race could dispense with his services four years or not. At any rate he would dignify the place. He is a man with a big heart, big brains, a noble ambition and a robustitude of character and conduct that at once stamps him as a leader. His Republicanism is consistent and intelligent. No better appointment could be made.

The Dispatch, of Little Rock, rails righteously against the lack of dignity which is so common with many of our leading colored men. It says:

"Can we ever have the respect of other races whilst we have men who moves in a sphere of presumed dignity, such as deputy constables, clerks, leading characters in the political circle, &c., who will dodge in the white hotels behind their thick walls and grab from their back windows, lunches and refused dinners, paying for the same, as they would pay at restaurants of their own people for a first class dinner

Dr. Simmons, of the American Baptist, sets down rather hard on the "Big Colored Leaders" at Washington, D. C. There is more truth than poetry in a great deal that he says.—Indianapolis Freeman.

How about his reference to The Freeman in the last issue of the American Baptist?—Cleveland Gazette.

It was true partly. The Freeman is young and in its swaddling clothes, so to speak, but in its brief career it has outstripped all of its competitors and has forced so great a man as Dr. Simmons to say so. Its "swaddling clothes" however are large enough to wrap the American Baptist up in several times The Freeman does not smart over its crime of being young and in its "swaddling clothes."

DR. F. R. ROBEY, OF HUSTON, TEXAS.

The subject of this sketch, Franklin R. Robey, M. D., was born at Cheraw, South Carolina, November 1, 1860. When six months old his parents moved to Montgomery, Alabama, and remained in that city until January 3, 1870. They then moved to Mobile, Alabama, and he entered the public schools in that city, at the age of ten years. In 1875 he entered Emersons Institute, of Mobile, Alabama, and remained there until 1879, after which he was apprentice to Wm. A. Boyd, druggist, and remained with him until 1881. He then entered Meharry Medical College, at Nashville, Tennesse, graduating as salutatorian of his class, February 23, 1883. He then departed for Chicago, Illinois, and entered the college of Physcians and Surgeons, graduating with the class, March 10, 1885. After graduating he then took a prospective tour through the State of Texas and finally located at Houston, Sept. 30th, 1885. He married Miss Thesdora, daughter of the late Julius Martimore, of Mobile, Ala. He now enjoys a good practice and is esteemed by all, both white and colored.

A CALL TO THE MINISTRY

REMARKABLE AND INTERESTING INCIDENTS CHARACTERIZING THE LIFE OF ONE WHO IS A GENIUS IN HIS VOCATION.

A Wheelright, Carpenter, Policeman, Physician and Preacher.

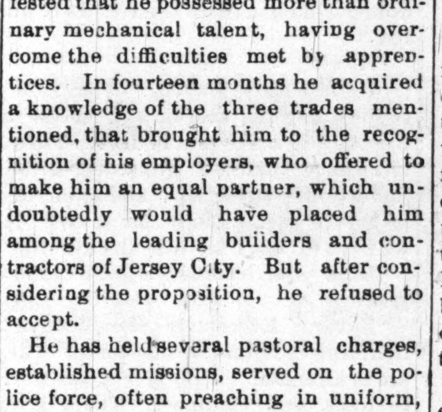
We take pleasure in presenting to our readers in this issue the cut and sketch of Rev. G. G. Vreeland, whose life is characterized by many remarkable and interesting incidents. His fidelity to to the people with whom he is identified, and the manner in which he has so earnestly labored in their behalf, makes him a man highly respected and well thought of by all who know him.

He was born April 7, in the city of Bayonne, Hudson county, New Jersey, and at an early period possessed a great desire to become a preacher.

At the age of five years he attended public school in his native village, when and where, his powers of retaining whatever he studied were in a remarkable degree developed and demonstrated.

Notwithstanding the zealous efforts of competitors in the recitation rooms, he with many disadvantages stood at the head in his classes.

At the age of 16 years he was converted and joined the Mattison M. E. church in his native city, and having



REV. G. G. VREELAND,
Of Rochester, N. Y.

received permission to preach, at once began his chosen work. These early efforts on his part were blessed and attended with great success, which resulted in the conversion of 82 of his schoolmates.

In 1867-8 he began to learn the trades of wheelright, carpenter and cabinetmaker. The latter industry wat pursued at night, and it was here manifested that he possessed more than ordinary mechanical talent, having overcome the difficulties met by apprentices. In fourteen months he acquired a knowledge of the three trades mentioned, that brought him to the recognition of his employers, who offered to make him an equal partner, which undoubtedly would have placed him among the leading builders and contractors of Jersey City. But after considering the proposition, he refused to accept.

He has held several pastoral charges, established missions, served on the police force, often preaching in uniform, taught school, and on one occasion walked 52 miles in one day and preached at night. In 1880 he walked 295 miles to attend a conferen ce at Norfolk, Va.

Mr. Vreeland is now in Rochester, N. Y., where he has been confined to his room for some time on account of sickness; but having a knowledge of medicine, which he acquired in Philadelphia, he was enabled to prescribe for himself, which proved to be of great benefit. What his future movements will be, are not as yet decided, but we trust, that whatever they may be, he will meet with the success that he has in the past.

"BEGGING THE QUESTION" AGAIN.

A Lack of Race Pride and Race Interest too Manifest in Kansas—Race Gleanings.

TOPEKA, KAN., Special Correspondence.—The article which appeard in The Freeman of the 13th inst., headed "Begging the Question," calls my attention to the business men of this State. Taking the situation as it now exists here, it is evident that the colored business men in this State, with few exceptions, do not receive their share of patronage. We have here a number of colored grocers, restaurateurs, shoe dealers, druggists, blacksmiths, contractors, builders, lawyers, doctors, artists, etc., etc., in fact nearly all the principal business vocations and a few of the professions, are represented in this State by the Negro. The most of these places, as a natural consequence, are situated in those localities where the colored people are the most numerous, the principal ones being Atchison, Lawrence, Leavenworth, Kansas City, (Kan.) and Topeka, with a colored population ranging all the way from three to ten thousand.

I speak of this matter from personal knowledge, obtained from the gentlemen themselves who are in business. It is true that we have several who have met with success, and still it cannot be attributed to the liberal patronage of the Negro, for in many cases they claim that the most of their patrons are white. While I do not favor patronizing a man soleiy on account of color, yet if he has as good an article, sells as cheap, and all other things being equal, then he should be preferred.

Many genuine examples could be given to show that the colored people in this State will not patronize each other as they should in order to insure success, which they could easily do. Mr. Henry Freed, of Lawrence, Kansas, acknowledged to be one of the best shoe makers in that city, and who is a very popular and highly respected citizen in that community, opened up a first class shoe store in that city, and as his was the only store of that kind run by a colored man, and being on the principal business street, he was certainly entitled to a large share of the patronage of the colored people at least, but such he did not and does not to this day get. Some of the very wealthiest white people patronize him, hence his workmanship and stock of shoes must be of the finest.

Again, there are instances where secret and other organizations, in giving entertainments, will purchase all their ice cream and confectioneries from a white man when the colored confectioner would guarantee them as good if not a better bargain. I had a personal opportunity to note this while employed in a large confectionery house in this State, owned by a white man.

Again, take colored newspapers. A great many of our people, and generally those who are the best able, will not lend their support financially, but will borrow the paper from their friend "Mr. Jones." It is next to impossible to get them to patronize those white merchants who advertise in the paper and thus make it possible for it to exist. As I said before, we have a large number of business men in this State and it is to be regretted that they do not receive the proper encouragement from the colored people. I see no clearer way to open up avenues of employment for our young men and women than to encourage and foster business enterprises of our own like the Dutchman, the Jew, and other nationalities. If the Negro would patronize his brother in business as freely and earnestly as he does the churches and secret societies, their success would be very flattering.

J. Hume Childers, who was formerly editor in chief of The American Citizen, but who has lately been city editor, has resigned and will correspond for the New York Age or Detroit Plaindealer.

J. H. Stuart, of this city, is in Washington, D. C., looking after his interests politically. He is a candidate for United States Consul to Santo Domingo.

The first colored colony for Oklahoma left here on the night of the 20th, one hundred strong The entire crowd consisted solely of men and were headed by D. B. Garrett, the President and organizer of the colony. They expect to locate at Oklahoma City. A few more colored men, mostly carpenters, who have been employed by the Oklahoma Town Site Company (white) of this city left Sunday evening for the promised land. It is to be hoped that the colony will meet with no difficulties, though there is great danger at present and The Freeman together with their many friends wish them God speed.

P. H. BRAY.

COLORED PHILANTHROPISTS.

A few weeks ago the query was put through the columns of The Freeman—who are our Negro philanthropists? We have received these two answers.

Mr. Daniel Hill, late of Austin, Texas, who was a slave, died and left a will to the Negro churches and school of that city $25,000. That looks something like Negro philanthropist, don't it brother Freeman?

NEW YORK, April 17, 1889.

DEAR SIR:—In answer to the query in your last edition, viz.—What Negro has ever made an endowment? I beg to name the first philanthropic American Negro, Paul Cuffi, of Westport, Mass., born in 1758, died in 1817. He not only established a free school but had the welfare of his race at heart to such an extent that he visited Serre Leone and London in 1811, and made arrangements at the latter place with a society owning large tracts of land at Serre Leone, and himself conveyed in 1815, after a tedious delay caused by war with England (1812–1815) a colony of thirty-eight Negroes, in his own vessel, at a personal cost of $4,000. On his return to Newport a long sickness, followed by death, 1817, put an end to his patriotic projects to benefit his people. For fuller accounts see W. Armistead's "Tributes for the Negro," published in about 1848, in London, New York and Philadelphia.

Yours truly, H. P. W.

That Alabama Convention.

THE FAR WEST.

News From Wichita, Kansas, as Gleaned by a Freeman Special Correspondent.

Wichita, the beautiful "Peerless Princess of the Plains," is situated in the heart of the bountiful Arkansas valley, and is the metropolis and commercial center of Kansas.

There are a number of wealthy and influential colored men here, but I am sorry to say that but comparatively few are engaged in business of their own. Among our wealthy men and women we have Jacob McAffee, who recently sold a fine three story brick building on Main street, and who platted an addition of two hundred lots, placed them on the market during the boom and realized a handsome fortune out of the operation. Mr. McAffee's wealth is quoted at $60,000. Mr. B. F. Covington is the owner of a beautiful brick store building opposite the new court house; also a farm in Reno county. Another wealthy and energetic man of our race is Thos. G. Banks, who arrived in our city six years ago with twenty-five cents and plenty of ambition. He now owns real estate valued at $12,000, a large ranch near Hutchinson, and the finest residence of any colored man in the State. Mrs. M. A. Hodge, the proprietress of the Lindlewood Hotel, owns real estate in this city the aggregate value of which will reach fourteen thousand dollars. There are many other wealthy colored men here of whom I will speak in subsequent issues of The Freeman.

We have wealth among us, but no union in thought or action as yet, and the colored people of this city have never received any recognition in municipal or county affairs. While the power of appointing policemen was vested in the Mayor and Council it was impossible to see a black face upon the police force, and no colored man is employed in any capacity by the county. There are county officers here filled by men who owe their election to the colored vote, yet of the fifty or more assistants employed by them, not one is a colored man. It can not be asserted that none applied for such is not the case. No less than a score made application and as many were refused; not on account of incompetency, for they were all qualified, but because they were Negroes.

We have a board of Jury Commissioners appointed by the Governor, and never in the history of Sedgwick county has there been a colored man empaneled on the regular jury. The Commissioners have no excuse for this open display of hatred for the Negro. We as a people are progressive, but it would not be difficult to find among us at least a few who do not read newspapers, and who possess the necessary qualification (illiteracy) for a Sedgwick county juror. We do not ask any special favors because we are colored men, but we do want men at least who are our supposed friends to judge us by our worth and ability, and not by the texture of our hair and the color of our skin.

The people of Wichita are in love with The Freeman. They admire the brave and fearless stand the editor takes in behalf of our crushed but undying race.

Peter Flynn Oliver, one of the brightest young lawyers in America, has left for Oklahoma. He was the only colored lawyer in our city and carries with him the good wishes of the community. Mr. Oliver was a delegate to the National Convention from South Carolina, and seconded the nomination of Levi P. Morton.

The friends of A. A. Whitman, the William Cullen Bryant of the Negro race, tendered him a royal reception, Thursday night, at the Garfield Opera House. The biography of this eminent man will appear in The Freeman soon.

Wichita is afflicted with a would-be colored leader, of the genus crank. He antagonizes every enterprise of which he is not the originator, and that means all of them. He is now busy trying to explain why Negroes should not recognize Negro journals.

The Byram Hotel, managed and owned by colored people, Mrs. Rebecca Clark and J. H. Harper, receives quite a share of patronage from all races, and the business manner in which it is conducted speaks well for the management.

W. A. BETTIS.

Denver will have three colored girl graduates from the High School.

DR. T. R. ROBEY,
Of Houston, Tex.

REV. J. J. COLE,
An African Missionary, of Petersburg, Va.

PROF. J. H. BURRUS,
President of Alcorn A. & M. College, of Miss.

ALCORN AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL COLLEGE, RODNEY, MISSISSIPPI.

EDUCATION IN MISSISSIPPI.

A Brief History of the Only Agricultural and Mechanical School in the Country Officered By Colored Men.

Rodney, Mississippi, is a small town situated on the great river between Vicksburg and Natchez. At about five miles inland from Rodney at the forking of the Rodney and Red Lick, and the Rodney and Port Gibson dirt roads is located the "Alcorn Agricultural and Mechanical College," formerly "Alcorn University," but originally "Oakland College."

In the year 1828 under the inspiring leadership of Dr. Jeremiah Chamberlain, his denomination founded here what was intended to be a great Southern Presbyterian College. Dr. Chamberlain selected the site with reference to health, retirement and picturesque beauty, and it is doubtful if its equal in these three recommendations can be found anywhere within the bounds of this great State.

Under his Presidency, the College grew and prospered till his assassination in 1851. After this the College enjoyed a fair amount of harmony and prosperity, and then began to lose slowly in both respects. The war soon interfered and at the close thereof the grounds had to be sold for debt when the State became the purchaser.

As there was already at Oxford a State University for her white youths this was dedicated to the higher education of her colored young men, and in honor of their chief executive the institution was in 1872 changed from Oakland College to Alcorn University. Within the last few years she has again had her name changed to that which she now bears.

The College pasture consisting of about ninety-five acres of ground lies in the fork of the Red Lick and Port Gibson roads, while the one hundred and twenty-five acres of arable land rest on Red Lick road next to the pasture. There are about ten acres of College grounds under fence, and then the campus contains some ninety-five acres of as fine campus ground as is met with in this whole beautiful South land.

Under the guidance of President J. H. Burrus the school has increased in number, in value and in usefulness. Its attendance each year has steadily increased and but for the limited means given to carry on the work, a much larger attendance would be enrolled. We take the following from the President's report:

By act of the Legislature of 1886, the annual income of the College for the past two years has been as follows:

Interest on Congressional Land Scrip received under the Act of Congress of 1862, $5,678.75. From the State, $5,321.25. Total, $11,000.

If to this sum the Legislature of 1888 shall add $5,000 yearly out of the $15,000 given the State annually by the act of the Forty-ninth Congress, for the advancement of agriculture, we shall be enabled to employ some such needed assistance and adopt some advanced methods in the management of the farm, but do more with experiments especially."

We might add here that this recommendation was not heeded, but the entire amount was given to the white A. and M. College of the State.

Again the President remarks in his report, "During the season of 1885-6, the attendance was 216, and two young men graduated in June 1886. During 1886-7 the attendance was 209, or seven less than the previous year, for the average attendance was the greatest it has yet been, while the graduating class of June '87 consisted of nine members. This is the only school of the kind in the United States officered entirely by colored men. Its main object is to train the muscle as well as the brains and to train the two to work in harmony.

Mississippi is recognized as pre-eminently an agricultural State, and that part of her population, for whose immediate benefit this College was established, are known to be, almost universally tillers of the soil.

When it is remembered that most of their knowledge of farming was gotten under conditions, the necessary teaching of which was that they should do as they were told, and not trouble themselves with trying to think, it will readily be seen, that of all the people in this country, the colored people more particularly must need instruction in agriculture, theoretic and practical.

Those familiar with the working of human nature will also understand that people who have never been accustomed to seek information about farming from books, papers, schools, or conventions, will likely be among the last to appreciate the need of instructions from these sources.

These things are alluded to that some of the obstacles to be overcome, by this institution, before her special work can be successfully and satisfactorily done, may be properly done and appreciated. Neither Mississippi nor any other State can reasonably hope to fully develop her agricultural resources while the bulk of her farm toilers do their work after the old unskillful and unthinking way.

As an evidence of the practical results of this school, we will state that some twenty graduates are now the owners of their own little farms. One of them is book-keeper and superintendent for a gentleman who runs a large plantation. One of them has, by teaching and farming and using great economy, been able, since graduating, to buy and pay for a farm of more than one hundred acres, which he is gradually converting into a comfortable home.

The school is also supplying a goodly number of teachers throughout the State and its students take first rank every time.

The expenses of a student for the whole nine school months amount to $61. This does not include tuition, which is free to all Mississippi students, but includes washing, good substantial board, medical fees, etc. Aside from this each student must provide his books, bedding, lights, etc.

It is estimated that if a student brings his bedding with him, his other yearly expenses may be brought within $75, and that by labor on the farm, he may earn about one-third of that amount.

Many of the students, however, mess together and do their own cooking, and so contrive to stay in school on what they can earn on the farm.

This school has two well conducted literary societies, a brass band, a valuable but not a large library, a reading room, and has inaugurated a lecture course. The faculty consists of a well trained, thorough going set of young teachers, who take an active interest in the school, its work and the students. They are:

J. H. Burrus, M. A., graduated at Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn. 1872, and has been here since 1883. Taught 1877-8 at Fisk University. Leaving taught elsewhere 1875-77. Practiced law in Nashville, 1881-83.

J. D. Burrus, M. A., graduated at Fisk University 1875, and taught mathematics there 1875-77. Took post graduate mathematics at Dartmouth 1877-79 and received M. A. there '79. Again taught at Fisk '79-'82 being elected Prof. mathematics 1881; was elected Prof. Math's here 1882, and made also superintendent of the farm in latter part of 1882.

Rev. J. C. McAdams, B. A., graduated at Fisk '83; appointed tutor here only in 1885, elected Assistant Prof. 1887.

Joseph Anderson, M. A., graduated at Fisk '78; elected Assistant Professor here in 1887, having built up a high school in Texas in the meantime.

A. O. Coffin, M. A., graduated at Fisk '85; taught in Texas; appointed tutor here '87; received M. A. from Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Ill., 1887.

J. A. Martin, B. S.; graduated here '85, and appointed tutor '86.

B. F. Shannon, B. S.; appointed here '87, and appointed tutor fall of '87.

Mrs. Helena G. Barbour, the Matron, has been here since '83; was a former resident of Louisville, Ky., then of Nashville, Tenn., and an old student of Oberlin, Ohio.

There is a Fred Douglas hall in Spring field, Ill., and the Douglas literaries are too numerous to mention.

A NOTED MISSIONARY.

To Africa--Rev. J. J. Coles, of Va.,--A Few Nuts for Philanthropists to Crack.

The subject of this sketch was born near Shattersburg, Charlotte county, Va., April 26th, 1856, and began his education in 1866, by taking night lessons from the people with whom he lived. He contented himself on the farm until 1872. Then he left home to work on the Southside railroad, now known as the Norfork & Western, though he did not remain there long, for the work required men and not boys to perform it.

After leaving the railroad he was employed at a steam saw mill, as a sawdust remover, but was soon promoted to the position of a screw turner. While here he won the esteem of all his co-laborers, and especially the sawyer and engineer who instructed him how to handle both the saw and the engine, in which study, he progressed so rapidly that the proprietor was about to promote him to the position of engineer when he left in the summer 1873, to give the N. & W. R. R. another trial.

In 1874 he came home to the farm again. During this year he became much concerned about his soul, and professed faith in Christ in the month of November, and joined the Mt. Zion Baptist Church, Charlotte county, Va., (of which church he is now a member.) Being convinced at his conversion, of his call to the ministry, he began, immediately after being baptized, to exhort in prayer meetings, as a means of developing his spiritual gift.

He now firmly decided to qualify himself for the great work which had been assigned him by Heaven;

In the fall of 1873 he became a member of the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows Lodge, United Sons of the Morning No. 1334, Petersburg, Va., In 1877 he attended for several monts the public school in his native county. After which he employed a private teacher. While in the public school, and under his private tutor, he made rapid progress. July 14th, 1878, he was licensed to preach, but feeling his inefficiency for the great task, he entered the Richmond Institute, Richmond, Va., (now the Richmond Theological Seminary, the following October, where he studied hard for five years, mastering every study assigned him, and at the end of which time graduated with honor.

When the B. F. M. C. met, September 18th, 1883, Manchester, Va., he was appointed as a prospective Missionary to Africa, was ordained November 4th, in the First Baptist Church, Richmond, Va., and sailed to his foreign field, December 1st, reaching Seirra Leone, January 1st, 1884, and Monrovia Liberia on the 9th. There he entered the Liberian College for the purpose of studying Arabic under Rev. E. W. Blyden, D. D., L. L. D. But being impressed with the needy condition of the heathen he devoted the great part of his time to active service—teaching and preaching.

When the B. F. M. C. met in Meridian of Mississippi, September of 1884, he was then appointed to active service, under the auspices of said Convention The appointment reached him during the month of November, and he accompanied by Rev. H. McKinney, went at once to the very country—Africa—where they joined Revs. Colley and Presley, and effected the organization of the Baptist Vey Mission. Rev. Coles made a great many missionary tours, visiting nearly all the towns in and near the Vey Territory, and was elected president of the Baptist Vey Mission, January 20th, 1885. Then each missionary was assigned his station, and Rev. Coles chose the Jundoo,

As no means had been appropriated for school purposes, he organized one at his own expense.

During the fall of 1885, the missions sent him on a rambling tour to ascertain the real condition of the people North of the "Veys." He traveled a great many miles and visited many large towns, and at the close of the years he was requested by the Missionaries to visit America in the interest of the Mission. He did so, reaching New York, March 27th, 1886, where he gave his first famous lecture on Africa.

When he reported matters to the Ex. Board of the B. F. M. C., they sent him on a lecturing tour through the Southern and States, in the interest of their work in Africa.

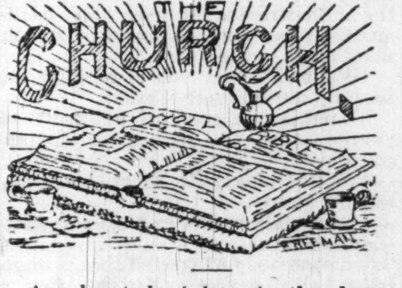
After visiting a number of States, and having had quite a success, he met the B. F. M. C. when it convened at Memphis, Tenn., September 1886. Here he made one of his telling speeches which resulted in the appointment of Revs. Diggs and Topp, as Missionaries to accompany him on his return to Africa. When the convention had adjourned he started for his old home in Virginia, stopping to lecture in Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia, reaching Richmond, Va., October 17th.

He met Miss Lucy A. Henry, a Christian worker, an accomplished and practical missionary, for the first time, October 21st, 1886. They were married December 21, 1886, and sailed for Africa January 3d, 3rd, 1887, accompanied by the newly appointed Missionaries, who were to be his co-workers in that benighted land, which they reached February 7th, 1887. After seeing the Missionaries provided for he began building a house for his wife and self. Previous to this he had lived in an African mud hut.

In 1884 he did a good work among the Kroos, and in 1885 while living in his mud hut, he carried on a school for the heathen at his own expense, i. e. he provided food and shelter for his pupils out of his salary.

He has mastered the Vey language so that he can preach to the people without the aid of an interpreter. In this particular he is the most effective missionary we have.

On the account of the slowness of many of our churches to contribute to Africa Missions made it impossible for him to remaim. So he is in this country now from necessity and not from choice.



An educated ministry is the demand of the hour.

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Rev. T. H. Hayden, of Danville, Ind., was in Indianapolis, Tuesday.

***

Rev. J. A. Davis, of Greencastle, the eloquent young divine, was in the city this week.

***

Dr. T. H. Jackson, of Wilberforce, was here this week. He addressed Bethel Literary, Monday night.

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Easter was appropriately observed everywhere. The sermons of some of our divines will compare favorably with those of the ablest white ministers.

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Rev. J. L. Jordon, of Decatur, Ill., passed through the city this week, en route to Pennsylvania, where he will take part in the prohibition campaign.

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Rev. J. W. Riley, pastor of the Ninth Presbyterian Church, this city, is a scholarly and able divine. He has just organized a choir for the church, and those who attend will be favored with good music as well as an eloquent sermon.

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We do not believe a thorough Greek, Latin and Hebrew training is a prerequisite to become a good and able theologian in this busy age. These are very good if you have the time and money to acquire them; but you may live long and do much good without them.—Torchlight Appeal.

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Rev. J. W. H. Jackson, of Springfield, Ill., now in charge of the A. M. E. Church at Alton, is a candidate for the Chaplaincy of the Southern Illinois Penitentiary at Chester. He is strongly indorsed by the Ministerial Association (white) of that district, backed by prominent men and friends in the State.

CLARKSVILLE (TENN.) CLICKS.

The young men have organized a military company here of fifty members, to be known as the Quarles Rifles, W. Dixon, Captain.

We are buying and building here very rapidly. Some of the colored people own good homes.

Our prominent business men are Jackson & Martin, brick makers and contractors; Jackson & Williams, livery, sale and feed stable; J. W. Page, grocery.

The Freeman is admired by white and black here. They think it the best colored newspaper published.

They are picking strawberries down in Tyler, Texas.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

F. G. Thomas, of Boston, has opened a poultry house, wholesale and retail, at Springfield, Ill.

Selma University, (Ala.) has a thriving brickyard which is used to develop the muscles of its students.

The Colored Masonic Grand Lodge of Kentucky, will meet in Winchester on the second Tuesday in July.

Mr. Matthews, a bright young man, is filling a position as clerk in a drug store in Denver, Colorado.

Calvin L. King has been awarded $100 and costs against a Norwich, N. Y. skating rink for refusing him admission because of his color.

Hon. W. O. Quarles, of Clarksville, Tenn., has donated fifty acres of land worth about $6,000 to the Orphans Home of the A. M. E. Church.

The Memphis Dramatic Club, composed of some of the leading young people of Memphis, will soon produce a new drama, the "Last Look."

David Love, colored, was elected councilman at Xenia, Ohio, and Calvin Hunter was defeated for street commissioner, after holding the office ten years.

A new occupation is gradually opening to our women, that of casheir in barber shops. Mrs. J. W. Hayes is cashier of a new shop in Kansas City, Mo.

Homer E. Bishop, the steward at the executive mansion at Albany, N. Y., is a colored Republican. He served Cleveland when governor and is still retained by Gov. Hill.

J. E. T. Johnson, of Findlay, Ohio, the champion colored sprinter of America has issused a challenge to any colored sprinter for one hundred or seventy-five yards.

Uncle Sam hasn't paid any attention to the mournful cry of the Negro yet. So the weather prophets have predicted a "Slycoon" in 1892. Be ye also ready, for you know not the hour.—Richmond Critic.

Here's an item of interest for you: P. A. Barber, colored, of Pilgrims Rest, Ill., a well to do farmer, sixty-two years of age, married a white girl sixteen years old, last week. The girl is respectable and has a small farm.

There are 10,516 colored pupils in the public schools of Washington D. C., and these are taught by 235 teachers. The record of the colored schools compare very favorably with that of the white schools.

The Cutian Gians are now in Washington, D. C.

Here's a record for you. S. H. Pickens, of Randolph, Ala, married on the 14th day of March last and separated the same night.

Mr. Blaine asks to be shown an honest colored man in Louisiana and he will appoint him. The honest man is not hard to find, but the politicians here are of such a make-up that if they are not chosen no other colored man shall be.—Crusader.

There is no better evidence of prosperity among the Negroes than the number of cases between them in the magistrate courts. With the early spring the average colored citizen's funds give out and the prevailing dullness among the magistrates at present augers ill for the present state of their finances.—Memphis Scimitar.

John F. Cook, formerly tax collector of Washington, D. C., sold his property situated at the corner of 16th and K. streets, to the wife of Ex-Senator Chandler of Michigan. The price paid was $64,000, or $5.50 per foot. This is only part of the Cook estate, and will be divided between four heirs. All of their property is valuable.

Discrimination against selling soda water to colored people has broken out again in Chattanooga, Tenn. Dealers charge 10 cents a glass to colored people and in some instances, refuse to sell it at all. Chattanooga has a Negro population large enough to sustain a first-class soda fount and drug store without enriching such foreign pups as Tschopik and Jo Jo.

Rah' for Langston.

Prof. John M. Langston, of Virginia, called on President Harrison last Thursday. Langston does not take any stock in the idea of "a respectable white party." He told the President that respectable men should be recognized and kept in the party without regard to color, and that the Negro should not be required to stand aside for any one, nor should he be, on account of his color, forced ahead. He should be considered as a man and taken on his merits.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

IMPRISONED.

Then we turned to Foulata. The poor girl was stabbed in the body, and could not, I saw, live long.

"Ah! Bougwan, I die!" gasped the beautiful creature. "She crept out—Gagool: I did not see her, I was faint—and the door began to fall; then she came back, and was looking up the path—and I saw her come in through the slowly falling door, and caught her and held her, and she stabbed me, and I die, Bougwan."

"Poor girl! poor girl!" Good cried; and then, as he could do nothing else, he fell to kissing her.

"Bougwan," she said, after a pause, "is Macumazahn there? it grows so dark, I can not see."

"Here I am, Foulata."

"Macumazahn, be my tongue for a moment, I pray thee, for Bougwan can not understand me, and before I go into the darkness—I would speak a word."

"Say on, Foulata, I will render it."

"Say to my lord, Bougwan, that—I love him, and that I am glad to die because I know that he can not cumber his life with such as me, for the sun can not mate with the darkness, nor the white with the black.

"Say that at times I have felt as though there were a bird in my bosom, which would one day fly hence and sing elsewhere; even now, though I can not lift my hand, and my brain grows cold, I do not feel as though my heart were dying; it is so full of love that could live a thousand years, and yet be young. Say that if I live again, mayhap I shall see him in the stars, and that—I will search them all, though perchance I should there still be black and he would—still be white. Say—nay, Macumazahn, say no more, save that I love—. Oh, hold me closer, Bougwan, I can not feel thine arms—oh! oh!"

"She is dead—she is dead!" said Good, rising in grief, the tears running down his honest face.

"You need not let that trouble you, old fellow," said Sir Henry.

"Eh!" said Good; "what do you mean?"

"I mean that you will soon be in a position to join her. Man, don't you see that we are buried alive?"

Until Sir Henry uttered these words I do not think that the full horror of what had happened had come to us, preoccupied as we were with the sight of poor Foulata's end. But now we understood. The ponderous mass of rock had closed, probably forever, for the only brain which knew its secret was crushed to powder beneath it. This was a door that none could hope to force with anything short of dynamite in large quantities. And we were on the wrong side of it!

For a few minutes we stood horrified there over the corpse of Foulata. All the manhood seemed to have gone out of us. The first shock of this idea of the slow and miserable end that awaited us was overpowering. We saw it all now; that fiend Gagool had planned this snare for us from the first. It would have been just the jest that her evil mind would have rejoiced in, the idea of the three white men, whom, for some reason of her own, she had always hated, slowly perishing of thirst and hunger in the company of the treasure they had coveted. I saw the point of that sneer of hers about eating and drinking the diamonds now. Perhaps somebody had tried to serve the poor old Don in the same way, when he abandoned the skin full of jewels.

"This will never do," said Sir Henry, hoarsely; the lamp will soon go out. Let us see if we can't find the spring that works the rock."

We sprung forward with desperate energy, and standing in a bloody ooze, began to feel up and down the door and the sides of the passage. But no knob or spring could we discover.

"Depend on it," it does not work from the inside; if it did Gagool would not have risked trying to crawl underneath the stone. It was the knowledge of this that made her try to escape at all hazards, curse her."

"At all events," said Sir Henry, with a hard little laugh, "retribution was swift; hers was almost as awful an end as ours is likely to be. We can do nothing with the door, let us go back to the treasure room." We turned and went, and as we did so I perceived by the unfinished wall across the passage the basket of food which poor Foulata had carried. I took it up, and brought it with me back to that accursed treasure chamber that was to be our grave. Then we went back and reverently bore in Foulata's corpse, laying it on the floor by the boxes of coin.

Next we seated ourselves, leaning our backs against the three stone chests of priceless treasures.

"Let us divide the food," said Sir Henry, "so as to make it last as long as possible." Accordingly we did so. It would, we reckoned, make four infinitesimally small meals for each of us, enough, say, to support life for a couple of days. Besides the "biltong," or dried game flesh, there were two gourds of water, each holding about a quart.

"Now," said Sir Henry, "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

We each eat a small portion of the "biltong" and drank a sip of water. We had, needless to say, but little appetite, though we were sadly in need of food, and felt better after swallowing it. Then we got up and made a systematic examination of the walls of her prison-house, in the faint hope of finding some means of exit, sounding them and the floor carefully.

There was none. It was not probable that there would be one to a treasure-chamber.

The lamp began to burn dim. The fat was nearly exhausted.

"Quatermain," said Sir Henry, "what is the time—your watch goes?"

I drew it out and looked at it. It was six o'clock; we had entered the cave at eleven.

"Infadoos will miss us," I suggested. "If we do not return to-night, he will search for us in the morning, Curtis."

"He may search in vain. He does not know the secret of the door, not even where it is. No living person knew it yesterday, except Gagool. To-day no one knows it. Even if he found the door he could not break it down. All the Kukuana army could not break through five feet of living rock. My friends, I see nothing for it but to bow ourselves to the will of the Almighty. The search for treasure has brought many to a bad end; we shall go to swell their number."

The lamp grew dimmer yet.

Presently it flared up and showed the whole scene in strong relief, the great mass of white tusks, the boxes full of gold, the corpse of poor Foulata stretched before them, the goat-skin full of treasure, the dim glimmer of the diamonds, and the wild, wan faces of us three white men seated there awaiting death by starvation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WE ABANDON HOPE.

I can give no adequate description of the horrors of the night which followed. Mercifully they were to some extent mitigated by sleep, for even in such a position as ours, wearied nature will still sometimes assert itself. But I, at any rate, found it impossible to sleep much. Putting aside the terrifying thought of our impending doom—for the bravest man on earth might well quail from such a fate as awaited us, and I never had any great pretentions to be brave—the silence itself was too great to allow of it. Reader, you may have lain awake at night and thought the silence oppressive, but I say with confidence that you can have no idea what a vivid tangible thing perfect silence really is. On the surface of the earth there is always some sound or motion, and though it may in itself be imperceptible, yet does it deaden the sharp edge of absolute silence. But here there was none. We were buried in the bowels of a huge snow-clad peak. Thousands of feet above us the fresh air rushed over the white snow, but no sound of it reached us. We were separated by a long tunnel and five feet of rock even from the awful chamber of the dead; and the dead make no noise. The crashing of all the artillery of earth and heaven could not have come to our ears in our living tomb. We were cut off from all echoes of the world—we were as already dead.

And then the irony of the situation forced itself upon me. There around us lay treasures enough to pay off a moderate national debt, or to build a fleet of iron clads, and yet we would gladly have bartered them all for the faintest chance of escape. Soon, doubtless, we should be glad to exchange them for a bit of food or a cup of water, and, after that, even for the privilege of a speedy close to our sufferings. Truly wealth, which men spend all their lives in acquiring, is a valueless thing at the last.

And so the night wore on.

"Good," said Sir Henry's voice at last, and it sounded awful in the intense stillness, "how many matches have you in the box?"

"Eight, Curtis."

"Strike one, and let us see the time." He did so, and in contrast to the dense darkness the flame nearly blinded us. It was five o'clock by my watch. The beautiful dawn was now blushing on the snow-wreaths far over our heads, and the breeze would be stirring the night mists in the hollows.

"We had better eat something and keep up our strength," said I.

"What is the good of eating?" answered Good; "the sooner we die and get it over the better."

"While there is life there is hope," said Sir Henry.

Accordingly we eat and sipped some water, and another period of time passed, when somebody suggested that it might be as well to get as near to the door as possible and halloa, on the faint chance of somebody catching a sound outside. Accordingly Good, who, from long practice at sea, has a fine piercing note, groped his way down the passage and began, and I must say he made a most diabolical noise. I never heard such yells; but it might have been a mosquito buzzing for all the effect it produced.

After awhile he gave it up, and came back very thirsty, and had to have some water. After that we gave up yelling, as it encroached on the supply of water.

So we all sat down once more against our chest of useless diamonds in that dreadful inaction, which was one of the hardest circumstances of our fate; and I am bound to say that, for my part, I gave way in despair. Laying my head against Sir Henry's broad shoulder I burst into tears; and I think I heard Good gulping away on the other side, and swearing hoarsely at himself for doing so.

Ah, how good and brave that great man was! Had we been two frightened children, and he our nurse, he could not have treated us more tenderly. Forgetting his own share of miseries, he did all he could to soothe our broken nerves, telling stories of men who had been in somewhat similar circumstances, and miraculously escaped; and when these failed to cheer us, pointing out how, after all, it was only anticipating an end that must come to us all, that it would soon be over, and that death from exhaustion was a merciful one (which is not true). Then, in a diffident sort of way, as I had once before heard him do, he suggested that we should throw ourselves on the mercy of a higher Power, which for my part I did with great vigor.

His is a beautiful character, very quiet, but very strong.

And so somehow the day went as the night had gone (if, indeed, one can use the terms where all was densest night), and when I lit a match to see the time it was seven o'clock.

Once more we eat and drank, and as we did so an idea occured to me.

"How is it," said I, "that the air in this place keeps fresh? It is thick and heavy, but it is perfectly fresh."

"Great heavens!" said Good, starting up, "I never thought of that. It can't come through the stone door, for it is air-tight, if ever a door was. It must come from somewhere. If there were no current of air in the place we should have been stifled when first we came in. Let us have a look."

It was wonderful what a change this mere spark of hope wrought in us. In a moment we were all three groping about the place on our hands and knees, feeling for the slightest indication of a draught. Presently my ardor received a check. I put my hand on something cold. It was poor Foulata's dead face.

For an hour or more we went on feeling about, till at last Sir Henry and I gave it up in despair, having got considerably hurt by constantly knocking our heads against chests, and the sides of the chamber. But Good still persevered, saying, with an approach to cheerfulness that it was better than doing nothing.

"I say, you fellows," he said, presently, in a constrained sort of voice, "come here."

Needless to say we scrambled over toward him quick enough.

"Quatermain, put your hand where mine is. Now, do you feel anything?"

"I think I feel air coming up."

"Now listen." He rose and stamped upon the place, and a flame of hope shot up in our hearts. It rang hollow.

With trembling hands I lit a match. I had only three left, and we saw that we were in the angle of the far corner of the chamber, a fact that accounted for our not having noticed the hollow ring of the place during our former exhaustive examination. As the match burned we scrutinized the spot. There was a joint in the solid rock floor, and, great heavens! there, let in level with the rock, was a stone ring. We said no word, we were too excited, and our hearts beat too wildly with hope to allow us to speak. Good had a knife, at the back of which was one of those hooks that are made to extract stones from horses' hoofs. He opened it, and scratched away at the ring with it. Finally he got it under, and levered away gently for fear of breaking the hook. The ring began to move. Being of stone, it had not got set fast in all the centuries it had lain there, as would have been the case had it been of iron. Presently it was upright. Then he got his hands into it and tugged with all his force, but nothing budged.

"Let me try," I said, impatiently, for the situation of the stone, right in the angle of the corner, was such that it was impossible for two to pull at once. I got hold and strained away, but with no results.

Then Sir Henry tried and failed.

Taking the hook again, Good scratched all around the crack where we felt the air coming up.

"Now, Curtis," he said, "tackle on and put your back into it; you are as strong as two. "Stop," and he took off a stout black silk handkerchief, which, true to his habits of neatness, he still wore, and ran it through the ring. "Quatermain, get Curtis round the middle and pull for dear life when I give the word. Now."

Sir Henry put out all his enormous strength, and Good and I did the same, with such power as nature had given us.

"Heave! heave! it's giving," gasped Sir Henry; and I heard the muscles of his great back cracking. Suddenly there came a parting sound, then a rush of air, and we were all on our backs on the floor with a great flagstone on the top of us. Sir Henry's strength had done it, and never did muscular power stand a man in better stead.

"Light a match, Quatermain," he said, as soon as we had picked ourselves up and got one breath; "carefully, now."

I did so, and there before us was, God be praised! the first step of a stone stair.

"Now what is to be done?" asked Good.

"Follow the stair, of course, and trust to Providence."

"Stop!" said Sir Henry; "Quatermain, get the bit of biltong and the water that is left; we may want them."

I went creeping back to our place by the chests for that purpose, and as I was coming away an idea struck me. We had not thought much of the diamonds for the last twenty-four hours or so; indeed, the idea of diamonds was nauseous, seeing what they had entailed upon us; but thought I, I may as well pocket a few in case we ever should get out of this ghastly hole. So I just stuck my fist into the first chest and filled all the available pockets of my hunting coat, topping up—this was a happy thought—with a couple of handfuls of big ones out of the third chest.

"I say, you fellows," I sung out, "won't you take some diamonds with you? I've filled my pockets."

"Oh! hang the diamonds!" said Sir Henry. "I hope I may never see another."

As for Good, he made no answer. He was, I think, taking a last farewell of all that was left of the poor girl who loved him so well. And, curious as it may seem to you, my reader, sitting at home at ease and reflecting on the vast, indeed, the immeasurable, wealth which we were thus abandoning, I can assure you that if you had passed some twenty-eight hours with next to nothing to eat and drink in that place, you would not have cared to cumber yourself with diamonds whilst plunging into the unknown bowels of the earth, in the wild hope of escape from an agonizing death. If it had not, from the habits of a life time, become a sort of second nature with me never to leave anything worth having behind, if there was the slightest chance of my being able to carry it away, I am sure I should not have bothered to fill my pockets.

"Come on, Quatermain," said Sir Henry, who was already standing on the first step of the stone stair. "Steady, I will go first."

"Mind where you put your feet, there may be some awful hole underneath," said I.

"Much more likely to be another room, said Sir Henry, as slowly descended, counting the steps as he went.

When he got to "fifteen," he stopped. "Here's the bottom," he said. "Thank goodness! I think it's a passage. Come on down."

Good descended next, and I followed last, and on reaching the bottom lit one of the two remaining matches. By its light we could just see that we were standing in a narrow tunnel, which ran right and left at right angles to the staircase we had descended. Before we could make out any more, the match burned my fingers and went out. Then arose the delicate question of which way to turn. Of course, it was impossible to know what the tunnel was or where it ran to, and yet to turn one way might lead us to safety, and the other to destruction. We were utterly perplexed, till suddenly it struck Good that when I had lit the match the draught of the passage blew the flame to the left.

"Let us go against the draught," he said; "air draws inward, not outward.'

We took this suggestion, and feeling along the wall with the hand, whilst trying the ground before us at every step, we departed from that accursed treasure chamber on our terrible quest. If ever it should be entered again by man, which I do not think it will be, he will find a token of our presence in the open chests of jewels, the empty lamp, and the white bones of poor Foulata.

When we had groped our way for about a quarter of an hour along the passage, it suddenly took a sharp turn, or else was bisected by another, which we followed, only in course of time to be led into a third. And so it went on for some hours. We seemed to be in a stone labyrinth which led nowhere. What all these passages are, of course I cannot say, but we thought that they must be the ancient workings of a mine, of which the various shafts traveled hither and thither as the ore led them. This is the only way in which we could account for such a multitude of passages.

At length we halted, thoroughly worn out with fatigue, and with that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, and eat up our poor remaining piece of biltong, and drank our last remaining sup of water, for our throats were like lime kilns. It seemed to us that we had escaped death in the darkness of the chamber only to meet him in the darkness of the tunnels.

As we stood, once more utterly depressed, I thought I caught a sound, to which I called the attention of the others. It was very faint and very far off, but it was a sound, a faint, murmuring sound, for the others heard it too, and no words can describe the blessedness of it after all those hours of utter, awful stillness.

"By Heaven! it's running water," said Good. "Come on."

Off we started again in the direction from which the faint murmur seemed to come, groping our way as before along the rocky walls. As we went it got more and more audible, till at last it seemed quite loud in the quiet. On, yet on; now we could distinctly make out the unmistakable swirl of rushing water. And yet how could there be running water in the bowels of the earth? Now we were quite near to it, and Good, who was leading, swore that he could smell it.

"Go gently, Good," said Sir Henry, "we must be close.' Splash! and a cry from Good.

He had fallen in.

"Good! Good! where are you?" we shouted, in terrified distress. To our intense relief, an answer came back in a choky voice.

"All right; I've got hold of a rock. Strike a light to show me where you are."

Hastily I lit the last remaining match. Its faint gleam discovered to us a dark mass of water running at our feet. How wide it was we could not see, but there, some way out, was the form of our companion hanging on to a projecting rock.

"Stand clear to catch me," sung out Good. "I must swim for it."

Then we heard a splash and a great struggle. Another minute and he had grabbed at and caught Sir Henry's outstretched hand, and we had pulled him up high and dry into the tunnel.

"My word!" he said, between his gasps, "that was touch and go. If I hadn't caught that rock, and known how to swim, I should have been done. It runs like a mill-race, and I could feel no bottom."

It was clear that this would not do; so after Good had rested a little, and we had drunk our fill from the water of the subterranean river, which was sweet and fresh, and washed our faces, which sadly needed it, as well as we could, we started from the banks of this African Styx, and began to retrace our steps along the tunnel, Good dripping unpleasantly in front of us. At length we came to another tunnel leading to our right.

"We may as well take it,' said Sir Henry, wearily; "all roads are alike here; we can only go on till we drop."

Slowly, for a long, long while, we stumbled, utterly weary, along this new tunnel, Sir Henry leading now.

Suddenly he stopped, and we bumped up against him.

"Look!" he whispered, "is my brain going, or is that light?"

We stared with all our eyes, and there, yes there, far ahead of us, was a faint glimmering spot, no larger than a cottage window pane. It was so faint that I doubt if any eyes except those which, like ours, had for days seen nothing but blackness, could have perceived it at all.

With a sort of gasp we passed on. In five minutes more there was no longer any doubt; it was a patch of faint light. A minute more and a breath of real live air was fanning us. On we struggled. All at once the tunnel narrowed. Sir Henry went on his knees. Smaller yet it grew, till it was only the size of a large fox's earth—it was earth now mind you, the rock had ceased.

A squeeze, a struggle, and Sir Henry was out, and so was Good, and so was I, and there above us were the blessed stars, and in our nostrils was the sweet air; then suddenly something gave, and we were all rolling over and over and over through grass and bushes, and soft, wet soil.

I caught at something and stopped. Sitting up I halloed lustily. An answering shout came from just below, where Sir Henry's wild career had been stopped by some level ground. I scrambled to him, and found him unhurt, though breathless. A little way off we found Good too, jammed in a forked root. He was a good deal knocked about but soon came to.

We sat down together there on the grass, and the revulsion of feeling was so great that I really think we cried for joy. We had escaped from that awful dungeon, that was so near to becoming our grave. Surely some merciful Power must have guided our footsteps to the jackal hole at the termination of the tunnel (for that is what it must have been). And see, there on the mountains, the dawn we had never thought to look upon again was blushing rosy red.

Presently the gray light stole down the slopes, and we saw that we were at the bottom, or rather, nearly at the bottom, of the vast pit in front of the entrance to the cave. Now we could make out the dim forms of the three colossi who sat upon its verge. Doubtless, those awful passages along which we had wandered the live long night, had originally been, in some way, connected with the great diamond mine. As for the subterranean river in the bowels of the mountain, Heaven only knows what it was, or whence it flows, or whither it goes. I for one have no anxiety to trace its course.

Lighter it grew, and lighter yet. We could see each other now, and such a spectacle as we presented I have never set eyes on before or since. Gaunt cheeked, hollow eyed wretches, smeared all over with dust and mud, bruised, bleeding, the long fear of imminent death yet written on our countenances, we were, indeed, a sight to frighten the daylight. And yet it is a solemn fact that Good's eyeglass was still fixed in Good's eye. I doubt whether he had ever taken it out at all. Neither the darkness, nor the plunge in the subterranean river, nor the roll down the slope, had been able to separate Good and his eyeglass.

Presently we rose, fearing that our limbs would stiffen if we stopped there longer, and commenced with slow and painful steps to struggle up the sloping sides of the great pit. For an hour or more we toiled steadfastly up the blue clay, dragging ourselves on by the help of roots and grasses with which it was clothed.

At last it was done, and we stood on the great road, on the side of the pit opposite to the colossi.

By the side of the road, a hundred yards off, a fire was burning in front of some huts, and round the fire were figures. We made toward them, supporting one another, and halting every few paces. Presently, one of the figures rose, saw us, and fell on to the ground, crying out for fear.

"Infadoos, Infadoos! it is us, thy friends."

We rose; he ran to us, staring wildly, and still shaking with fear.

"Oh, my lords, my lords, it is indeed you come back from the dead!—come back from the dead!"

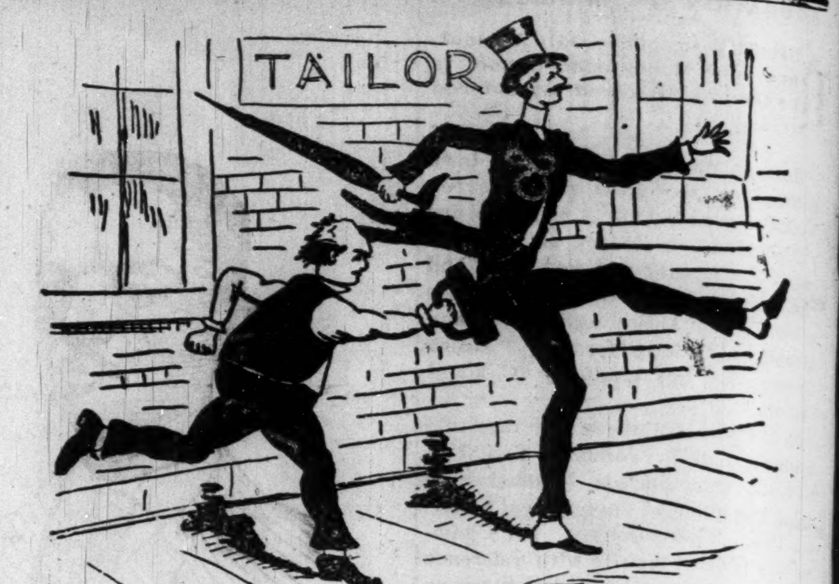
And the old warrior flung himself down before us, and clasped Sir Henry's knees, and wept aloud for joy.

Continued next week.

Oklamoma or Bust.

A wagon passed through Kansas City bearing the following inscription on its canvas cover; "Chintz-Buged in Illinois, Siconed in Newbraska, White-Capped in Indiana, Bald-Knobbed in Missouri, Prohibited in Kansas.

"Oklahoma or bust."



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How to succeed? There is the rub. We will tell you how. You want to get along in the world, to get there is the height of your ambition, when you get there you will stay there. Now if you want to get there and stay, we will help you there. We would have done it long ago if you had taken our advice. You propose to be a gentlemon, but you dress like a tramp. lay aside that shabby suit of yours and as nature is now clothing herself in her spring verdure take her advice and clothe thyself in one of Nicoll's New Spring Suits and you will get there and stay there. **Suits to Order $20 to $50.**

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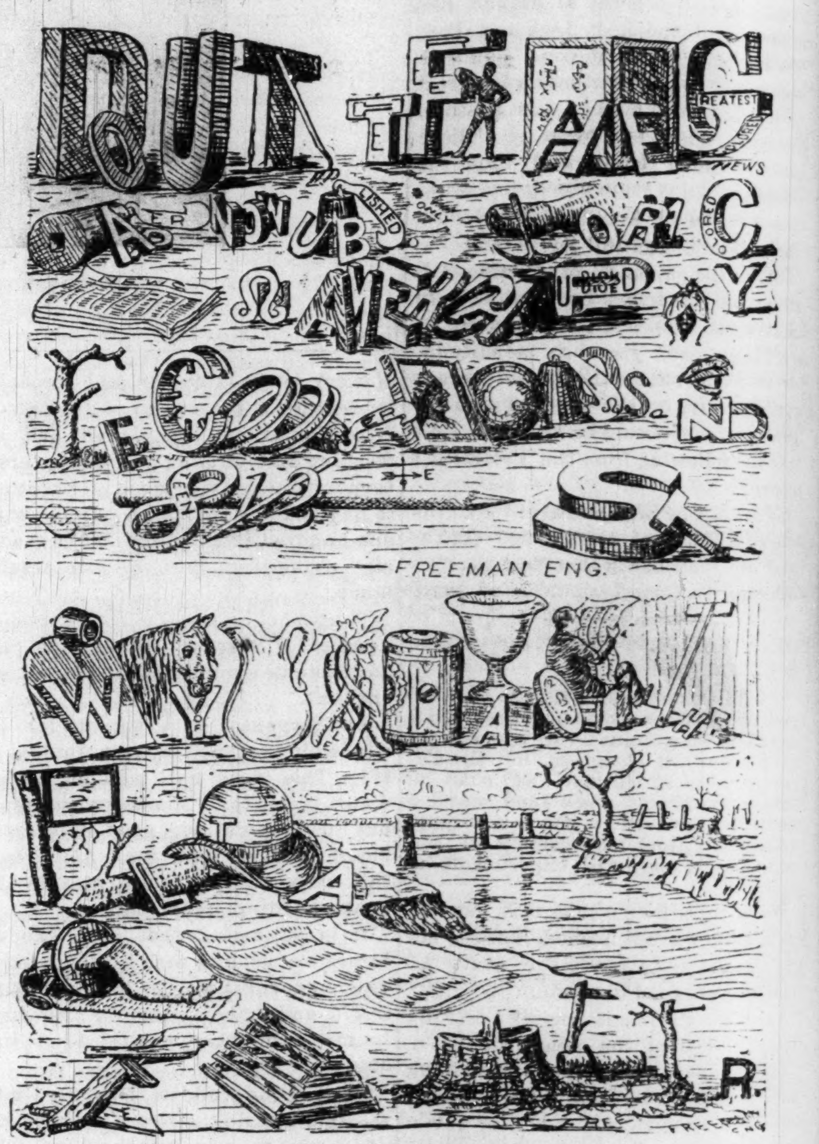
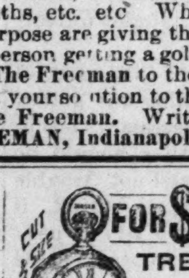
Will be given to any Subscriber who reads the following Rebus correctly by the First of May.



THE FREEMAN REBUS.

In order to increase the circulation of **The Freeman** we have decided to give the first five persons who **Read The Freeman's Rebus Correctly** by the first of May **$2.50 in Gold** and the next ten $1.00 in Gold and to all who come after these a 6 month subscription to **The Freeman.** Solutions will be filed as received whether right or wrong, with Name, Address and Date, immediately after May 1st the corcect solution will be published and the names of all sending in correct solutions, and forwarded to each party that has sent in a solution. The gold will be sent at the same time to each party properly reading the rebus. Persons sending in solutions must **Enclose 50c** for each solution, this will pay a two months subscription, so should you fail in the solution you will get **The Freeman** for two months at any rate. You may send as many different solutions as you wish that is you may read the rebus different ways, but for each solution you must send 50c. Where two solutions are sent in from the same family we will send one copy of **The Freeman** for four months instead of two copies for two months; for three solutions from one family we will send **The Freeman** six months; for four solutions, eight months, for five, ten months, for six, twelve months, etc. etc. What we want is to get **The Freeman** in every home and for this purpose are giving these prizes in gold. The rebus is easily read, and we hope each person getting a gold piece will endeavor to do us that amount of good by showing **The Freeman** to their friends and getting us up a club, when it is possible. Send in your solution to the rebus as soon as possible and get the benefit of reading **The Freeman.** Write your name, postoffice and State plainly. Address, **THE FREEMAN, Indianapolis, Ind.**



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TRENTON WATCH!

(No imitation.) An 18 size Jeweled, stem-wind, lever-set, quick-train, straight-line escapement; improved back rachet, in a **DUEBER SILVERINE CASE,** heavy, strong and a good timer. (Cut one-third size.) **FULLY WARRANTED.** Send 50c. for express charges and I will send it for examination. If satisfactory and as represented you can pay for it, otherwise it will be returned. In the case is certificate of President Dueber Watch Case Co., that it is a GENUINE SILVERINE case, will keep its color and wear a lifetime.

SPECIAL 25C. OFFER.

I want you to have my 200-page Catalogue with 1,700 illustrations, and therefore, for a limited time, will send it with 1 pair Rolled **GOLD PLATED** Lever **SLEEVE BUTTONS,** or 1 Ladies' **LACE PIN,** or Gents' **SCARF PIN,** for 25c. Catalogue **FREE.** Can use stamps.

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You can buy anything in the house furnishing line at terms and prices to suit yourself at Parker's. Furniture, Stoves, Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloths, Queensware, Mirrors, Pictures, and picture Frames, sold on weekly payments. Remember the place. 179 West Washington St.

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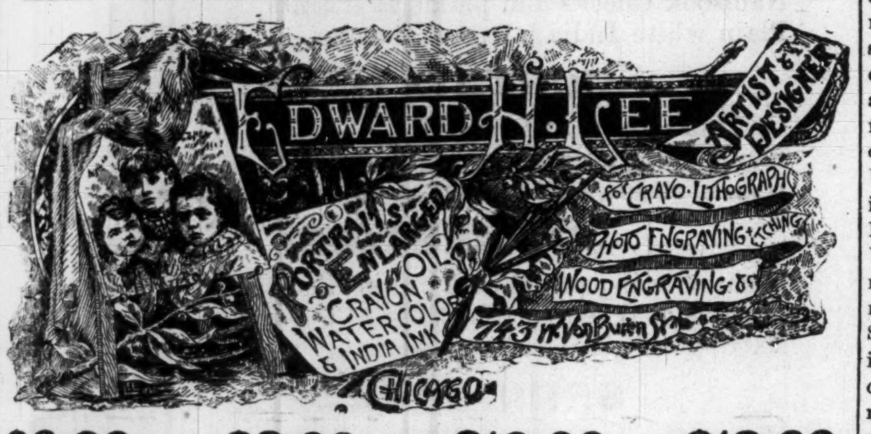

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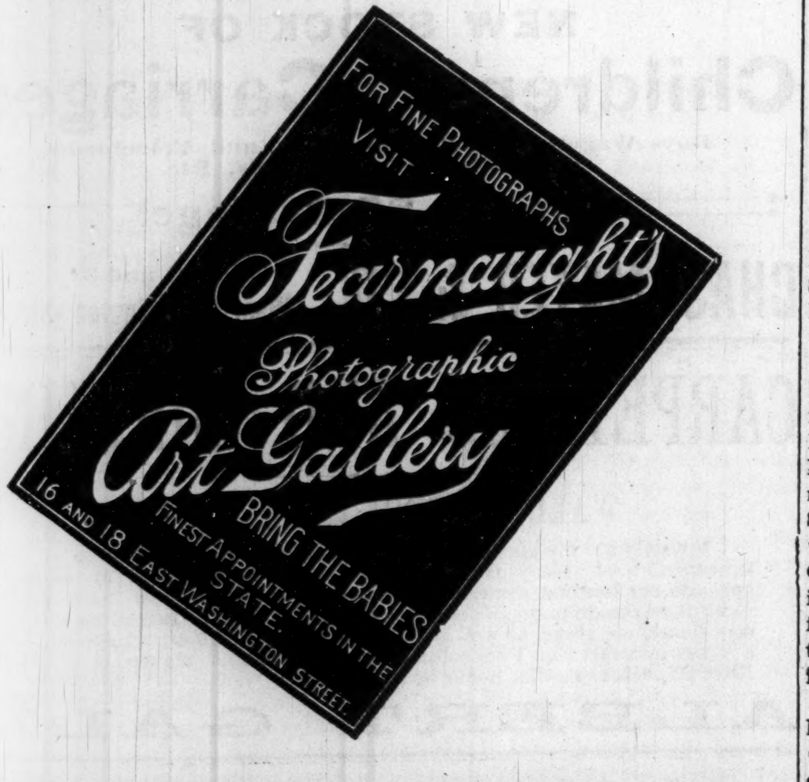


THE FIRST CONGRESS.

The Counting of the Votes for President One Hundred Years Ago.

The 6th of April, 1789, was a memorable day in our history, although its hundredth anniversary passes without official recognition of any kind. On that day the First Congress for the first time obtained a quorum in both branches, and in its presence the votes for the first President were opened, counted, and declared. The Constitution as it then existed expressly declared that on the opening and counting of the certificates of the electors "the person having the greatest number of votes shall be the President." The taking of the prescribed oath was to be a preliminary to "the execution of his offices" after this official declaration.

Why April 6 should have taken the place of March 4 in this final act of the election of the first President must always be the cause of some wonder, although the facts are well enough known. To begin with, that was the era of the stage coach, not of steam travel, and the roads had been bad. The mails from New York, the seat of government, to Philadelphia were in those days semi-weekly, and then tri-weekly as summer came on. But this will not wholly account for the fact that the First Congress called together for Wednesday, March 4, did not get a quorum until four weeks later, Wednesday, April 1, and the Senate not until Wednesday, April 6. The truth is that the closing months of the old Union, whose termination, or transformation rather, had been in prospect for a year and a half had given the Centennial Congress loose habits of attendance and legislation. After declaring the independence of the colonies and successfully conducting a long war, during which it had raised and supported large armies and founded a new nation, that body had dwindled away in the autumn and winter of 1788 so quietly that the date of its actual demise is not agreed upon. It was often, at the end, without a quorum. There was also a curious reluctance in some quarters to make the final plunge into the new system, and even New York did not choose electors for the first President, although by a close vote it had ratified the Constitution, and with ten other States had entered into the new Union. Whatever the relation of physical to other obstacles on that 4th of March which had been greeted in New York, the capital, with the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells, only eight members presented themselves in the Senate and thirteen in the Honse. During the subsequent weeks these bodies occupied themselves with the monotonous duty of adjourning from day to day, meanwhile sending out circulars urging the absent members to come forward. It is noticeable that although the Senate was much nearer its quorum at the start, having eight out of twenty-two members, the House, which only had thirteen out of fifty-nine, was first to secure its organization. It was able to secure a Speaker and Clerk on the 1st of April, and then proceeded to business.

When it did get together this First Congress was found to contain many well-known and able men. New Hampshire sent Nicholas Gilman to the House. Massachusetts had a strong delegation led by Fisher Ames, George Thacher, Theodore Sedgwick, and Elbridge Gerry. Connecticut sent Jonathan Trumbull, Jeremiah Wadsworth, and Roger Sherman. New York had present Egbert Benson, John Lawrence, and William Floyd. Pennsylvania contributed among others George Clymer, Thomas Fitzsimmons, and Peter and Frederick A. Muhlenburg—the last named the first Speaker of the House. New Jersey sent Elias Boudinot, who was once President of the Continental Congress. Delaware was represented by Vining, and Maryland by Daniel Carroll. The chief representative from Virginia was James Madison. North Carolina like Rhode Island was unrepresented. Among the members from South Carolina was Gen. Sumter, the renowned partisan leader, while Baldwin and Jackson went from Georgia. Many of the members had sat in the old Congress, and probably their familiarity with its later habits of dilatoriness had much to do with the delay in organizing the new government.

The Senate was conspicuously a collection of well-known men. It included Gov. John Langdon of New Hampshire, elected its President for the purpose of counting the votes: Caleb Strong, Massachusetts, Oliver Ellsworth and W. S. Johnson of Connecticut, Philip Schuyler and Rufus King of New York, William Paterson of New Jersey, Robert Morris of Pennsylvania, George Read of Delaware, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Maryland, Richard H. Lee of Virginia, Ralph Izard and Pieree Butler of South Carolina, and William Few of Georgia.

When the votes were opened before the Senate and House on that memorable 6th of April by John Langdon, it was found that the entire sixty-nine had been thrown for Washington as President. Of the second series of votes to determine the Vice-President, John Adams had thirty-four; John Fay, nine; B. H. Harrison, then Chief Justice of Maryland, and John Rutledge of South Carolina, six each; John Hancock, four; George Clinton, three; Samuel Huntingdon of Connecticut and John Milton of Georgia, two each; James Armstrong and Edward Telfair, each of Georgia, and Gen. Benjamin Lincoln of Massachusetts, one each. Adams was therefore declared elected. To conclude these ceremonies, a committee consisting of Messrs. Paterson, Johnson, Lee, and Ellsworth prepared a certificate of election, which Langdon signed and sealed, and then the following letter was despatched:

NEW YORK, April 6, 1789.

SIR: I have the honor to transmit to your Excellency the information of your unanimous election to the office of President of the United States of America. Suffer me, sir, to indulge the hope that so auspicious a mark of public confidence will meet your approbation, and be considered as a sure pledge of the affection and support you are to expect from a free and enlightened people.

I am sir, with sentiments of respect, your obedient, humble servant.

JOHN LANGDON.

To his Ex'cy Geo. Washington, Esq.

This wound up that portion of the duties of the famous day. Langdon promptly sent off his letters by special messengers to Washington and Adams informing them of their election. Mr. Thomson started from New York for Mount Vernon the next day, April 7 and arrived there a week later.

THE FIRST PRESIDENT HARRISON.

A Talk With Gen. M. P. Taylor, Who Lived in the White House in 1841.

Washington special:

For the first time in many years Gen. Matthew P. Taylor, who is a first cousin of President Harrison, will visit the White House to-morrow. General Taylor was a member of the executive household during the two months immediately succeeding his uncle's inauguration, and was with him when he died. To your correspondent he to-day talked of the occupancy of the White House by the first President Harrison. General Taylor says the inauguration of Harrison, in 1841, was a greater event than that which occurred six weeks ago to-morrow. The rain poured in torrents, and Pennsylvania avenue was a river of mud. After the inauguration General Taylor took up his residence at the White House, and with his mother and elder brother remained there till the President's death. Washington was at that time a very miserable excuse for a national capital. It was a small, unattractive little city. In the square just north of the White House was St. John's Church, and the President compelled the boys to attend services three times every Sunday. "The office-seekers of 1841," said General Taylor, "were more persistent, if possible, than to-day, but the earlier President, unfortunately, did not pursue the same course toward his political supporters that his grandson does. The desire to personally receive every man who called and also to attend to all the duties that devolved upon him as President were far too much for his overtaxed strength, and in consequence he gave way. After the first reception at the White House, President Harrison's arm was entirely disabled. It was swollen from the wrist to the shoulder, and was of a sickly purple color, by reason of the hard work done in grasping and shaking the thousands of hands thrust at him. He first took to his bed about two weeks after his inauguration, utterly worn out in mind and body, and rapidly sank in health till death came to his relief.

"At the time Wm. Henry Harrison entered the White House, the government had not adopted the policy of furnishing the executive mansion. Every President was expected to bring with him the greater part of the furniture he would use, as well as his dinner service. Wm. Henry brought a dinner set which had been in the family then one hundred years. It did service at the first state dinner, where the aristocracy of the country was assembled. President Benjamin Harrison now occupies the room where his grandfather died."

General Taylor comes up from his home in the Old Dominion to pay his cousin a social visit, and says he wants no official favors. He has been in constant communication with the President from the day of the nomination till the present, and is an invited guest.

PEPPER BOX.

The mew-cus membrane is probably highly developed in cats.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

The Emperor of China has ten men to hold his umbrella. It has never been borrowed yet.

Learn the brickmason's trade if you wish an occupation in which you can lay up something.

"Fond of beasts?" asked Mr. Turniptops of Miss Belinda. "Dear me," replied the lady, "if that's intended for a declaration, you must really speak to my mamma."

"But, doctor, you said last week the patient would certainly die, and now he is perfectly well." "Madam, the confirmation of my prognosis is only a question of time."

"I have an account of a big land slide," said the new reporter, "what head shall I put it under?" "Put it under the 'Real Estate Transfers,' replied the snake editor.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

The circus was a new thing to Bobby. When he approached a giraffe he stood in open mouthed astonishment. "Why, pa," he exclaimed, "this thing doesn't belong to the lower order of animals, does he?"—Harper's Bazar.

—A—

MAGNIFICENT

SHOWING.

The following analysis having been made at different seasons of the year of

C. Maus' Lager Beer

Is good news to his patrons, as they show that his BEER is of uniform and even strength at all times, regardless of the changes of the seasons. The high percentage of Extract and Maltose and the low percentage of Alcohol indicate that the BEER is a nutritious and wholesome beverage.

The samples of Beer received from your brewery were analyzed by us with the following result:

	May 8, 1888.	Aug. 16, 1888	March 16, '89.
Extract	5.50	5.85	5.65
Maltose (unfermented sugar)	1.25	1.99	3.08
Alcohol	4.00	3.92	3.76
Lactic Acid	0.178	0.180	0.126
Albuminoids	0.817	0.726	0.816
Ash	0.216	0.220	0.243

The beers analyzed must be considered of normal good composition. From the rather high percentage of Albuminoids, Lactic Acid and Ash we would judge that the beer is a PURE MALT BEER, no substitute for Malt having been used. Respectfully,

WAHL & HENIUS,

Chemists and Directors of Scientific Station for Brewing, Chicago, Ill.

All Beers in kegs or bottles furnished from my Brewery are guaranteed to be made exclusively from Malt and Hops.

C. MAUS.

Telephone 221.

The Freeman.

A National Colored Newspaper

As a Newspaper.

It gives a complete review of the doings of the colored people everywhere. It gives special attention to the worthy achievements and general progress of the race.

A Political Paper.

It is independent in politics and fearless in its advocacy of the rights of the colored people. It will commend the good and condemn the bad in all parties. It believes in free speech, a free ballot and a fair count.

An Historical Paper.

It devotes unceasing research to the hitherto unpublished history o the Negro in this country and will from time to time print and illustrate the legends and romances of the Negro, written by colored authors.

A Literary Paper.

It keeps a pace with the educational and literary progress of the race. It will review all books and criticise all publications by colored men and women. It endeavors to encourage and create a demand for the works of colored authors

An Illustrated Paper.

It portrays the colored race as it is, and not as it is misrepresented by many of our white contemporaries. It will print from time to time cuts and sketches of our prominent men and women, and full contemporary happenings which relate to colored people.

A General Newspaper.

It is the peer of any in the land, and is brimful of spicy news each week. Particular attention will be given to the stage, the pulpit, the school room and workshop and the leading occupations and professions of the race.

An Advertising Medium.

It has no equal as an advertising medium, reaching as it does a class of people, not reached by the white papers. Rates can be had by application at our office.

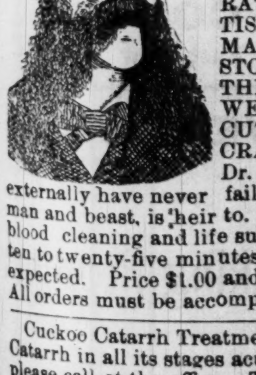
Our Subscription Rates.

One year in advance	$2.50
6 months " "	$1.75
3 months " "	75c

All business should be addressed to THE FREEMAN, Edward E. Cooper, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Freeman Wants

Honest, active, intelligent agents in every city, town and hamlet in the U. S. Industrious young colored men and women can find lucrative employment by addressing THE FREEMAN. ☞ References required.



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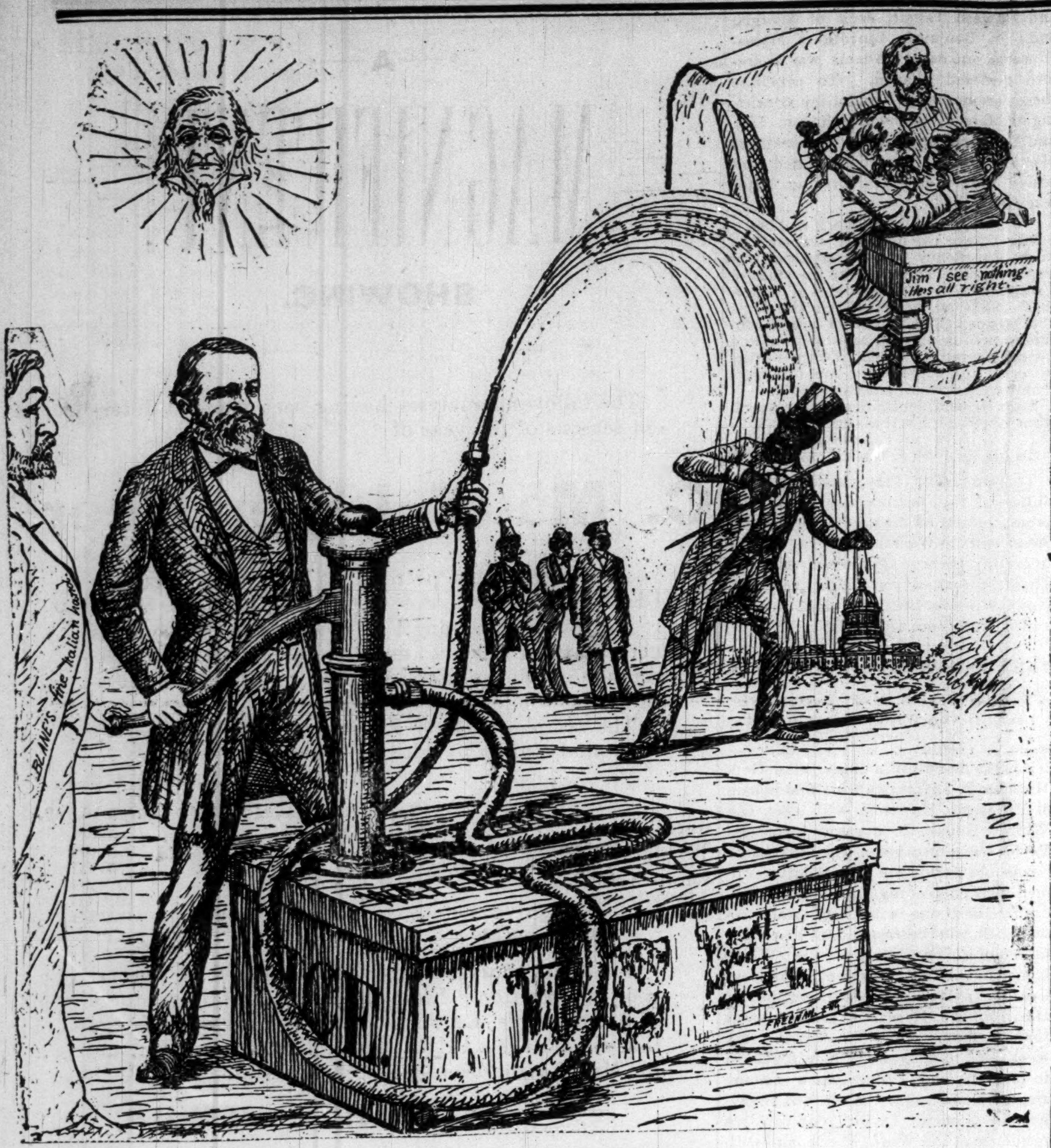
Is the Doctor in Your House?

Will cure every time YELLOW FEVER, SMALL POX, RATTLE SNAKE BITE, MORTIFICATION, RHEUMATISM, CHOLERA, CONSUMPTION, NEURALGIA, ASTHMA, COLIC, CHRONIC COUGHS, INFLAMMATION, STOMACH, BOWELS, BLADDER AND KIDNEYS, SORE THROAT, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, EARACHE, WEAK EYES, CHILBLAINS, MORBUSBURN, FREEZES, CUTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CRAMPS IN STOMACH OR LIMBS, AND DUMB AGUE. Dr. McGinn's Cuckoo Medicines used internally as well as externally have never failed yet in the worst cases of the most chronic diseases of man and beast, is heir to. Consist only of pure roots and herbs blood making blood cleaning and life sustaining. Its action upon the nerves stops all pains from ten to twenty-five minutes. Keep it in your family for sickness comes when least expected. Price $1.00 and $2.00 per bottle, sent to any postoffice receipt of price. All orders must be accompanied by cash or postoffice money order.

Cuckoo Catarrh Treatment warrated to cure permanently the worst cases of Catarrh in all its stages acute and chronic. Price 50 cents and $1.00 for references. please call at the office. Treatment by mail, no letters answered unless accompanied by four cents in stamps. Address all mail to CUCKOO CO., Manufactured only by DR. T. W. McGINN, Room 6 Cyclorama Block, Indianapolis, Indiana.



THE POLITICAL PHARISEES.

Blaine: It will never do to send a Negro to Hayti or any other sea port.
Harrison: Just watch me cool his ardor.
NOTE—They were willing to lick the Negro's boots a few months ago. but now that they are in office they have no need for him until the next election.

PERSONAL

Dr. W. B. Derrick spoke in Baltimore last Tuesday.

J. H. Beech, formerly of this city is now in Chicago.

Ex-Congressman J. E. O, Hara is in Washington City.

Counselor T. J. Minton has been elected a member of the Law Association of the Philadelphia bar.

Dr. D. W. Fields a late graduate of Meharry Dental College, Nashville, Tenn., has located in Memphis.

J. Q. Davis of Chicago has been appointed engrossing clerk of the House of Representatives by Representative Brokoski.

Hon. T. B. Stamps, editor of the Louisiana Standard, returned from Washington last Saturday, where he had been sojourning for over a month.

Dr. Atticus Haygood author of our "Brother in Black" has just written a new book entitled "Pleas for Progress" discussing Negro education and citizenship on all sides.

Samuel Jones, a colored farmer near Middletown, Cal., runs a school house exclusively for his own children. The eldest son teaches a dozen of his younger brothers and sisters.

Mr. Thomas A. J. Clemens, editor and proprietor of the "National Times," and a prominent colored Democrat who was recently dismissed from the departments at Washington is now in Philadelphia.

A NEW REPUBLICAN JOURNAL.

Easter in Memphis---Thrifty Colored Men---Paragraphs Pungent and Personal.

Memphis Tenn., special correspondence to The Freeman.

THE "EAGLE."

The "Eagle" an afternoon Republican paper made its debut in literary circles here last Saturday the 20th, inst. It is ably edited by Messrs. G. P. Turner, Ex-Editor and proprietor of the Memphis Evening Scimitar, and ex-Attorney Gen'l of Shelby county. We hope the Eagle will not embarass our G. O. P. here as did the Evening Tribune that in the words of a poet "was born in a day and, died on the same evening," the Tribune was run by Kansas City gentleman and was too frail a craft to withstand the turbulent sea of journalism, and only one week after its birth it ceased to be. The Eagle has our best wishes for abundant success.

Easter Sunday was a most beautiful day. The sun shone brightly overhead and the birds sang sweetly in the overhanging boughs of the budding cedars and magnolias. The city was a veritable moving mass of humanity, wending its footsteps toward the house of God. For in every church I truly believe, with not a single exception, Easter was celebrated by appropriate services And with the advent of spring the population seemed to vie with itself in seeing who might be most handsomely attired, in fact everything, trees, rosebushes and people alike were attired in new spring garb.

Your correspondent visited Collin's Chapel in the forenoon, attending also Sabbath school. The auditorium was beautifully decorated with cedars and magnolia, and a boquet of pure, white snow balls graced the pulpit.

Rev Cottrell's sermon and text was on the resurrection, 30th chap. of St. John "Peace be unto you," which was characterized throughout by the explicitness of its delivery, for which Rev. Cottrell is noted. In the Sabbath school the one hundred and eighty-one young people there assembled, each seemed greatly interested in their work. The day was one of those calm, beautiful sunshining days of which only our southland can truly boast, and I am preud to say our people all seemed happy.

OUR CITY LIFE.

There is still a great stir among our local politicians. Every man is a candidate for some place and is consequently antagonizing every other man. Up to date but onecolored man has received an appointment of any kind and that one is B. D. Bagby to his old place in the mail service. Mr. Wallace, the postmaster is subjecting the applications to severe and sign examinations—even requiring that applicants for janitorships submit their applications in their own writing. The colored men have waited long and patiently for recognition of some kind and unless it is given the g. o. p. will never again receive the undivided support of its black allies as it has in the past.

C. H. Morphin has passed the required civil service examination, and is now an applicant for a clerkship in the post office.

We are coming again! The Hotel Brotherhood will give the closing promenade and concert of the season Tuesday evening, April 3th, at the Lyra Hall. The Brotherhood Band will render a few of their best selections on this occasion. Grand street parade in the afternoon at 3:30.

The Hotel Brotherhood promenade concert will be Tuesday evening the 30th, instead of Thursday as stated by large hand bills.

The Hotel Brotherhood entends a special invitation to all hotel men in the city to take part in the parade Tuesday 30th, uniform necessary, a plug hat and linen duster can be furnished by committe.

Buy your spring hat at Seaton's Hat Store, 25 North Penn. street.

Carl Moller the leading wall paper merchant of the city, has on hand the largest stock and greatest variety of wall paper that has ever been exhibited in the history of the establishment. You can get any design at this well known house that you desire, and as for beauty can not be excelled in this country.

Mr. Moller has long since come to be known as the veteran wall paper merchant and comment on him or his establishment is unnecssary. However we will say you can procure from him the best wall paper for the least money, thus saving a profit for you, for he buys in larger quantities than any of of his competitors, consequently he can undersell them.

Go and see his great display, No. 161 East Washington street, and get his prices before going elsewhere.

G. W. Barnes & Co

64 East Market St.

Opp. Post Office.

Lowest Price Credit House in U. S.

A full line of High Grade Silv plated Holloware & Roger Bros. 1847 Knives Forks and Spoons

Best Wringers made for $4 50 at 50 cts per week. Clocks waranted for a year $5.50. Do not allow agents selling other Wringers and Clocks to talk you into paying three times as much for articles not so good. Also Rugs, Curtains and a full line of home furnishing goods.

Open Monday and Saturday Evenings

Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla The Best Spring Medicine

BARBER SUPPLIES

Of all kinds and discriptions wholesale and retail.

J. E. BODINE & CO.

29 CIRCLE STREET,

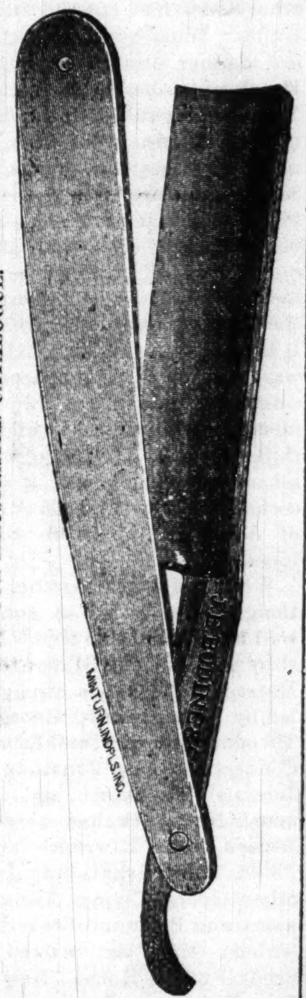
INDIANAPOLIS, - INDIANA.

WE CARRY EVERY BRAND OF RAZORS.

We make a Specialty of Razor Grinding.

Prompt Attention Given to Orders by Mail.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.



J. E. BODINE & CO.

29 Circle Street,

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

Smoke the BEST Capital City Cigar.

[TRADE MARK]

JOHN RAUCH, Mgr.

82 W, Washington St. Inninanapol s.

Political Anncuncement!

Charles Miles is a candidate for City Clerk, subject to the decision of tde Republican nominating convention.

WENGER'S

Bates House Shoe Store,

No. 62 W. Washington St:

INDIANAPOLIS, - - INDIANA

MRS. M. L. JOSS, THE MILLINER.

Has reopened in her new quarters with a new stock of first-class Millinery Goods of the latest styles and fashions. Her prices are the lowest reasonable rates. No extra charge for trimming. Call on her and get your new Spring hat.

80 Indiana Avenue.

When Children Cry Mothers will not deny

To their hopeful progeny, ages 4 to 14 years, our

SHORT KNEE PANTS SUITS.

Prices from $1.75 to $10. Also a splendid variety of 3-piece Knee Pants Suits—coat, vests and pants—at $7 and $8. Strickly all wool.
A present given with every Boy's or Child's Suit sold at $2 and upward.

HATS For men and boys, at the lowest prices. HATS

Original Eagle

5 & 7 WEST WASHINGTON ST.

Dress Goods

Spring dress goods at 5 cents.
Elegant double fold cashimeres and henrietlas at 25c.
Wool dress goods at 7 1-2 cents.
Plushes at 48 cents. Satin Moires at 50 cents

WASH GOODS:

Seersuckers at 7 and 10 cents.
Dress plaid ginghams and zephers satines at 10 cents and 12 1-2 cents

WHITE GOODS:

Nanisook Checks and plaids at 5 cents.
Plain white India lawns at 5 cents.

CURTAIN NETS:

Curtain screens at 5 cents.
Fancy curtain draperies at 10 cents.
Lace curtains, taped edges at 65 cents per pair.

DOMESTICS:

Light shirting prints at 5 cents. Percales at 10 cents
Muslins at 5 cents. Shirtings at 7 cents.
Extra good ginghams at 5 cents.

SPRING WRAPS:

Embroidered and beaded fichus at $1.00 and up.
Embroidered newport scarfs at 50 cents and up.
Nice new styles in beaded capes, cheap.

JERSEYS:

Beaded, braided, embroidered or plain in sizes from 32 to 48 in. prices ranging from 57 cents upwards.

Dedert & Sudbrock,

158 & 160 East Washington St.

NEW STOCK OF

Childrens' Carriages,

Boys Wagons, Bicycles, Trycicles, and Velocipedes, Brackets, Rockers, Easels, Etc.

See Our $5 Carriage!

CHAS. MAYER & CO., 29 and 31 West Washington Street.

CARPETINGS AND CURTAINS.

WALL PAPERS. NEW GOODS,

Not only are my goods of new manufacture, but they embrace all that is new in ideas. Many patterns made specially for me, and, in consequence, do not become common. First-class artists to show these goods. Skillful workmen to do all classes of decorative work. Intending purchasers should see these, as well as my new styles of American goods. It is a recognized fact that I am selling the most reliable makec at LOWER PRICES than any other house in the city.

ALBERT GALL.

Furniture. Carpets.

LARGE VARIETY IN SELECT STOCK.

Call in and get bargains at 98 East New York Street. All goods sold for CASH on PAYMENTS.

J. F. KOESTERS & CO.,

Halcyon Block. 98 East New York St.

SPECIAL PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY!

—WITH—

Theanectar Tea & A. & P. Baking Powder

THE GREAT

Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co.,

4 Bates House Block. 164 E. Washington St.